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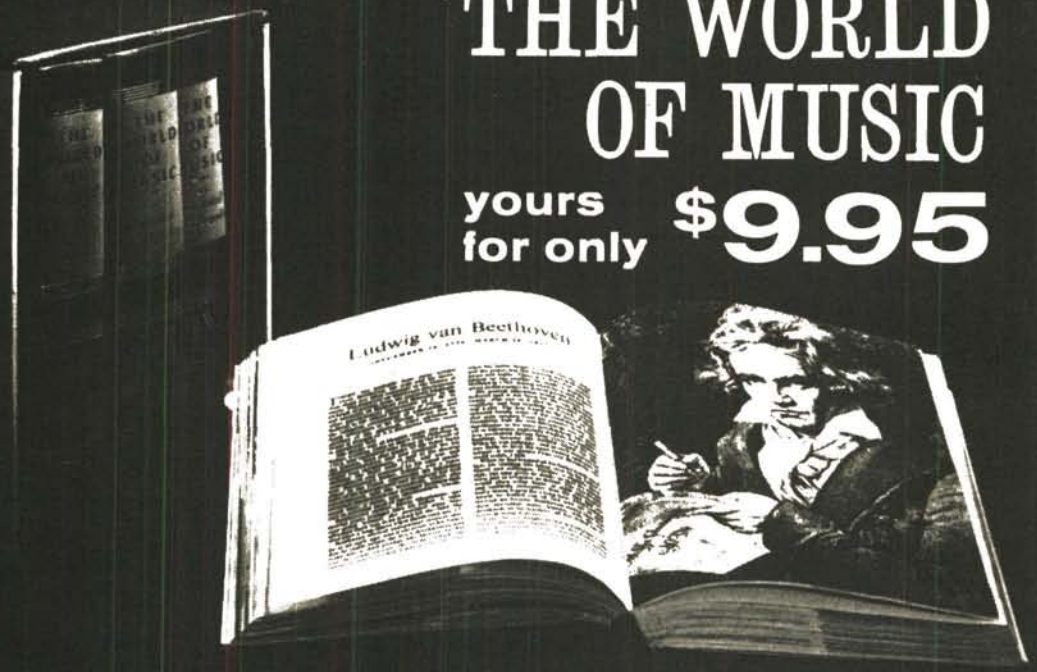

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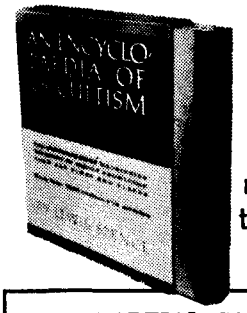

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Papa Knows Best?

★ For a fortnight the nation waited in mounting tension. What next in Vietnam? Always the question, "What will the President do?" Never the question, "What should he do?" No debate in Congress; virtually no editorial advice in newspapers; a universal, overwhelming attitude of Papa-knows-best. We don't ever recall seeing it quite so strong in the US before.

Then, finally, the press conference summoned for Wednesday, July 28. LBJ has decided. We are going to be told. Reporters hurry down past the White House; sightseeing buses are bumper to bumper across the way, along the entire side of Lafayette Park. Happy tourists snap pictures through the temporary mesh wire fence where the old iron rails are being renewed; they move in colorful, chatting, shirt-sleeved crowds in and out of the venerable executive mansion.

Reporters jam into the chilled East Room, its sacred precincts turned into a Hollywood set, gilt chairs, parquet floors, gold silk drapes, disapproving George and Martha Washington, scintillating sunburst chandeliers all tangled with snakelike cables. There is a new electronic gadget, a Polynesian-style ceremonial umbrella, crystal white, canted over the podium. A light glares up into its underside and apparently this reflects the beams down again, like a lens, on the speaker below. There is last-minute adjusting of two teleprompter one-way mirrors, and the huge TV machine, directly into which the President talks. It's a funny thing: He seems to be looking straight into the living room of 10 million homes reciting it all by heart, and what he's really doing is reading it from a one-way mirror, right through which the machine is taking his picture! It's all done with mirrors.

He speaks quietly and soberly. It is a kindly, patient, fatherly voice. Troops will be raised from 75,000 to 125,000; the draft doubled. We are "the guardians at the gate" (*i.e.*, policeman of the world).

He finishes the Vietnam statement, then announces Abe Fortas's appointment to the "Jewish seat" on the Supreme Court. (And what a distinguished line it has been, Brandeis, Cardozo, Frankfurter, Goldberg!) Also, John Chancellor of NBC to head the Voice of America, the hardest job, some think, in Washington.

But what about Vietnam? Reporters ask questions. Answers tell little. In fact, after all this wait and build-up the President leaves the war much as before – not as escalated as some had expected and with new nuances, perhaps, for negotiation – but bigger, nevertheless. A ghost war in which every hope so far has been illusory, a land war in Asia against which all experts have warned. Gloomily and reluctantly the public moves further into a struggle where at best it can only hope for stalemate and at worst where demands will increase to bomb missile sites, factories, Hanoi, China, to use tactical nuclear weapons, to use H-bombs. And China rubs its hands at each new step.

Oddities

★ Meanwhile a lot of odd things have been going on in Washington to which little attention is paid because of Vietnam. J. Edgar Hoover, for example, the septuagenarian super-cop, has erupted again. Attorney General Katzenbach, in a comment intended to defend the FBI, was tactless enough to concede that sometimes law enforcement agencies "think they can make a good thing by going it alone." J. Edgar was back at him in a flash: There was "not a scintilla of truth in that," he said, "as it pertains to the FBI." Earlier, J. Edgar called the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., "the most notorious liar in the country." As for the Warren Commission, which had mildly urged closer FBI-Secret Service cooperation, Mr. Hoover denounced it for "Monday-morning quarterbacking."

Again, the American Medical Association seems to be recouping its strength. It is now fighting the Johnson proposal for a network of regional medical centers. Vainly it fought Medicare, now the law. Medicare has bumps ahead. There are not enough nurses, hospitals, doctors. The AMA will drag its heels. Well, we shall see. The AMA has proved one of the most inept political lobbies of all time. It derided the original mild Johnson health insurance bill as a fraud which left many uncovered. Then it unwisely backed a larger GOP substitute designed to kill the Johnson plan by reducing it to absurdity. Democrats quietly appropriated the GOP-AMA plan and wrote it into the omnibus law!

In the Vietnam blackout you probably haven't read of two big antitrust cases. Ten leading steel companies (US Steel, Bethlehem and the rest) pleaded guilty to conspiring to fix prices in the $3.6 billion a year carbon sheet industry. Fines were preposterously low on the ground that the companies had not contested the case. Also, the government filed suit to recover double damages from six textile companies charged with fixing prices, holding secret meetings, using dummy codes in a conspiracy to rig prices of fiber glass fabrics. The patriotic companies want to win the war in Vietnam and get good prices for fabrics used in aerospace and missile programs while they are about it.

There are 28 US astronauts and their pay varies from $11,000 to $22,500. Most people don't know it but they have been permitted by the Space Agency to sign a contract to do outside commercial writing, the only federal employees so permitted. Each one earns $16,250 a year above his regular salary, whether he or his wife or family write one or a dozen articles, or no articles at all. One astronaut, like Don Slayton, is grounded; another walks in space, like Ed White, but they pool the literary take, up to $16,250 worth, and each gets exactly alike. It means that no favored astronaut makes a killing, but that each gets a nice tidy additional income. Space Administrator Webb argues that it protects the men from editorial pressure by giving them the magic formula, "Sorry, we're under contract."

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War in Asia – Why?

President Johnson last week tried once again to explain why he has felt compelled to put the US into an escalating land and air war in Asia. He used the now familiar argument about the lessons of Munich, and said that the US did not choose to be the guardian at the gate against the "growing might and grasping ambition of Asian Communism," but that there was no one else. He said that if the US retreated now it would be dishonored and yet retreat would not save it from having to fight because "the battle would be renewed in one country and then another country." He again said or implied that the US is prepared to negotiate with almost anyone for a peaceful settlement in Vietnam. But he also made it clear that in the meantime he sees as unavoidable a land war in Asia, involving an immediate force of 125,000 Americans fighting in Vietnam and more later, and the doubling of the monthly draft call, to 35,000. All this is regarded as essential to protect the security of the United States itself, the President said. The argument will not satisfy those who believe that US involvement in a land war in Asia, without discernible allies, is *against* the national interest, and helps the Chinese Communists depict the US as a white invader of Asia, 20 years after having been the first and only country to drop atomic bombs, on Asians.

Mr. Johnson can fairly point out that on many occasions he has suggested that the way out for everyone is to go from the battlefield to the conference table. Last week he was more specific than ever before that such discussions need not have any strings attached to them. Talking of North Vietnam, he said, "We are ready to discuss their proposals and our proposals and any proposals." Their proposals chiefly consist of a demand for the withdrawal of all American forces from South Vietnam. It has never been clear if this means American withdrawal as a precondition of peace talks. President Johnson is now prepared to find out, and at least to discuss an American withdrawal. Mr. Johnson also said that it "could be worked out" to have the Viet Cong represented at the conference table; he did not regard this as an "insurmountable problem." And he spoke of the people of South Vietnam having "the right to shape their own destiny in free elections in the South or throughout all Vietnam under international supervision." These presumably are carefully thought-out statements. Each contains considerable implications. For instance, the fighting in the South began partly because the South Vietnamese government refused for years to hold elections which the Viet Cong might have

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won; today, the Viet Cong are in control of half the South's population and may well be supported by more. What a pity President Johnson did not make those specific offers sooner, instead of escalating the war since February, by bombing North Vietnam. Escalation has hindered, not helped negotiations, stiffening and angering the North and the Viet Cong while failing to halt their growing gains, which tempt them to think they can win by fighting and so need not negotiate.

Talk about Munich is misleading. The infamous Munich pact murdered Czechoslovakia, a full-fledged democracy whose dismemberment was demanded by a much larger and more powerful neighbor, Nazi Germany, whom Britain and France feared to fight. The US is patently unafraid of either North Vietnam or China. There is far more danger from escalation than there is of a "Munich." Escalation risks three things. War with China, at least on the scale of Korea. War with Russia. War with both. The Democratic chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, L. Mendel Rivers, of South Carolina, says the US must risk fighting the Russians as well as the Chinese, to "win the war," and that the way to win it is "for the Americans to take charge of the entire setup." That is where the US now seems headed in Vietnam.

India's Crisis

India's Community Development Program was launched 12 years ago as an expression of a people's faith in Mahatma Gandhi's prophecy: "When our villages are fully developed . . . there will be village poets, village artists, village architects, linguists and research workers. There will be nothing in life worth having which will not be had in the villages. Today the villages of India are dung heaps. Tomorrow they will be like tiny gardens of Eden where dwell highly intelligent folk whom no one can deceive or exploit." Though the program now reaches into nearly all of India's 556,000 villages, it is bogging down, and if it fails the consequences could be famine, chaos and revolution.

Community Development has a staff of 50,000 "village level workers" who are attached to 5,222 "blocks," each covering about 100 villages. Each block has a director, two or more extension officers, and several minor officials. There is a village level worker for every 10 villages or so. The program makes use of such traditional institutions as the village *panchayat* (council) and village cooperative societies. Impressive statistics are released regularly from headquarters in New Delhi, and newspapers carry the reports: CD has distributed two million tons of improved seeds to villages, held 11 million agricultural demonstrations, trained five-and-one-half million farm leaders in new production methods, made 71 million adults literate, and so forth. But the statistics are based on reports from village level workers and block officials and there is no machinery for checking them. They are often designed to impress superior officials and do not reflect actual achievements. The truth is that disaster threatens India and CD seems powerless to prevent it. The twin factors of unchecked population growth and limited food production (India's production has stood at about 80 million tons for the past three years) are expected to meet head-on in about seven years.

The great sprawling organization of Community Development has never really moved out of low gear, partly because it has failed to provide a substitute for Gandhi's innocent faith in the spinning wheel. Millions of rupees continue to be poured into obsolete uneconomic "village industries." Farmers cling to the homemade plow and irrigation by goatskin bag. The ancient system of inheritance of property by division among male children has split village holdings into tiny plots; and fratricide is one of the commonest and most brutal kinds of murder in rural India.

If Community Development were functioning properly, food production would be increasing through intelligent use of fertilizers and machinery; family planning would be the rule; illiteracy would be almost wiped out; sanitation would have been introduced to

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all the villages long since. But adult literacy is still only about five percent in most of the smaller villages, and thousands of villages lack even drinking-water wells.

The village level worker is the foundation stone of CD. In theory, he lives in the central village of a 10-village *hobli*, or circle, and meets constantly with individual farmers and village *panchayats;* demonstrates new agricultural techniques; helps get schools started; brings word of the outside world; and generally guides India's villagers out of the dark ages. The government gives him two years of training for this all-important task. But after nine years' experience his pay is only about $27 a month, and most village level workers view their assignments as a way to get a little pay with a minimum of effort. The more personally ambitious they are, the less interest they have in the villagers or in village happenings. In the course of eight months spent in the villages of Mysore State we visited many places where the program was completely unknown, others where the village level worker was seen only once in three months. A village headman said, "Our village level worker wants to wear clean white clothes and he doesn't like to get his hands dirty showing us the good ways to plant rice. He comes here once in a month or so, talks to some people, writes down some figures about 'progress,' and then departs for the nearest town." Many village level workers refuse to live in a village.

Often a low-caste village level worker is snubbed by village headmen of higher caste. In one village we asked a Brahmin if he would shake hands with a village level worker who was a Harijan (untouchable). He said, yes, if the hand were offered, but he would have to go home immediately to bathe and do *puja* (prayers) to remove the pollution. This man was a university graduate and more relaxed in his observance of Hindu taboos than most villagers.

In another place the villagers tried vainly to get loans from the block office to help them build seven wells. They had already dug three wells, but they wanted to grow two crops yearly instead of one and for this they needed 10 wells. One of them told us, "It takes 100 to 150 rupees in bribes to push the papers through the block office. The village level worker expects 10 or 15 rupees for recommending the loan. The clerk who must approve a loan expects to be paid, and the assistant registrar who approves the deed of land ownership wants extra money for the title papers. We cannot pay this money so we cannot get the papers moved across the desks." He said the whole project would be endangered if the village complained. "We are a minority caste in this village. We must not be aggressive."

If the Community Development Program is to be rescued from becoming a giant boondoggle, it will have to undergo drastic reorganization. Probably 10 or 20 percent of the staff should simply be fired, which would not be easy under civil service regulations. An Indian version of the Peace Corps, organized for service in India's villages, might touch a responsive chord among thousands of idealistic youngsters who have seen the American Peace Corps at work, and the trust and admiration the villagers give the young foreigners. But an obstacle is the Indian attitude to manual labor. A young Indian with a high school or college diploma feels degraded by doing other than white-collar work. The prestige of Prime Minister Shastri or Mrs. Indira Gandhi could, however, be invoked in an appeal like that made by the late President Kennedy before his election. His Peace Corps proposal touched millions of Americans. Indian youth believes in democracy, too, but this generation has not been asked to contribute to the building of the nation. The students are volatile, confused, leaderless. A generation ago their parents walked out of classes and marched in demonstrations to defy the British Raj. In a sad mockery of this heritage, students today close the doors of colleges and go out on strike for lower tuition fees and easier examination questions, or against the teaching of Hindi as a second language. Village India is stirring from the sleep of centuries, and is ready for vigorous leadership. If Community Development fails these millions, its failure may mean the end of democracy in India.

Selden and Audrey Menefee

Selden Menefee *is a Californian who spent a year in India as visiting professor of sociology at Kalpatani College, Tiptur, Mysore.*

Fighting World Famine

Other than Vietnam, the foreign issue foremost in the minds of top Washington officials is whether massive famine can be kept from the world's doorstep. Per capita food production in much of the world continues to fall while populations grow.

For the past eight months a task force of high-level officials from a number of US government agencies has been intensively studying the problem. In needy countries during the past five years the percentage of increase in population nearly doubled the percentage of increase in food production. Before the war the developing countries annually exported 11 million tons of grain to the more economically advanced nations; today the traffic is the other way. Last year, 25 million tons of grain were shipped from the haves to the have-nots. This is nearly double the shipments of the '50s, and an increase of nearly 50 percent in five years. Even so, the hungry are eating less: In India, five million children die each year of malnutrition. In the United States and Canada, yield per acre has been in-

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creased 107 percent compared to only eight percent in the poorer countries. The American farmer grows six times the amount of corn on an acre of land that an Indian farmer does. A European farmer can grow five times the amount of wheat his Indian counterpart grows on the same size of land. Japanese rice production per acre is four times that of India.

The US alone could probably come close to meeting the total free-world food deficit just by putting to work those lands whose farmers are now being paid to keep them idle. But, aside from the overseas dependency such an unleashing of the American farmer would create, there would be a continuingly mounting price tag which sooner or later would become unbearable. So the answer is now thought to be a combination of food imports by the poorer countries from the advanced countries, and increased food production and slower population growth in the poor countries. The role of the United States would be large.

Major steps in family planning are needed immediately in the poor countries but could not have much effect on food deficits between now and 1970. US officials have waded into the business of helping other countries keep their numbers down, and so far are wet about to their ankles. Agency for International Development missions abroad can now help to train family-planning workers; assist in developing official statistics; and supply trucks and educational materials to countries seeking them in connection with birth control campaigns. They *cannot* advocate family planning; endorse a particular method of contraception; offer advice without being asked; or supply the contraceptives themselves.

This policy is unlikely to succeed in reducing the number of births by the 20-40 million per year that population experts cite as the minimum which would bring people and resources into reasonable proportion. The fault is not necessarily in ourselves. So far, requests for assistance have been rare. Some population experts feel this is just as well, since the US would not necessarily know how to direct huge birth control programs in underdeveloped countries even if given the chance. "Everybody thinks the US is sitting on a secret which will solve the world's problem," one leading birth control crusader said recently. "But the only secret is, there isn't any secret. We don't know how to do it."

While several countries regularly register "grave concern" about their soaring population, almost none has made birth control a high priority item. Almost no underdeveloped country manufactures contraceptives, and American pharmaceutical firms trying to build plants have run into an incredible tangle of frustrations. One government, apparently stirred by ethnic resentments, refused to allow clinical testing of contraceptive materials designed for the special requirements of illiterate, rural populations. The proposal then bogged down in arguments over private vs. public ownership and the company (described by one observer as "acting out of an unusually high octane of humanitarianism for the drug industry") finally decided negotiations were hopeless and pulled out.

While some contraceptives can be purchased very cheaply, dependence on foreign models undoubtedly contributes to a suspicion among the underdeveloped that they are being not "aided" but manipulated. In advocating massive government-sponsored programs abroad, the US is prescribing far stronger medicine than it is willing to take itself. This adds to suspicions among the poor but prolific countries that the much-touted "population crisis" consists of a desire on the part of "us" to see that there are fewer of "them." The US has one of the highest birth rates of any industrial nation, but the first US domestic program will not comfort foreigners who think we are chiefly interested in lowering the birth rate among non-Americans. In June, the Interior Department became the first federal agency to offer direct birth control services and advice, but the program is limited to wards of the Department – American Indians on reservations, natives of the Pacific Trust Territory, and Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts in Alaska.

THE EDITORS

On the Bench

The Labor Department's A-Team program has shown that there are plenty of domestic farm workers available to replace the departed *braceros*. When Congress let the *bracero* program lapse many farmers panicked, crying that their crops would rot in the fields without foreign workers. Farmers were offered teams of athletically inclined high school boys, and in some states the supposed need suddenly and mysteriously evaporated. Colorado asked for 6,000 foreign workers, but within 48 hours of being offered A-Teams had found enough local adults to harvest its sugar beets. Local workers also suddenly turned up in Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska and Arizona when the A-Teams were offered. Growers were not enthusiastic about hiring high school kids who would not stand for the kind of working and living conditions the *braceros* put up with. When it became a choice between recruiting locally and taking A-Teams, many chose the former.

About 18,000 boys wanted to go out for the teams. Of 2,300 students recruited in Ohio to pick pickles in Michigan, only 93 have been placed in jobs. Now about 500 boys from Washington, D. C., who signed up to go to Michigan have been told that none of them will be needed. They and others like them have been sitting out the summer on the bench.

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Baseball, Pure and Undefiled

by Andrew Kopkind

The funny thing that happened to "National American Legion Baseball Week" on its way to approval by the US Senate was its transformation into a constitutional amendment. At least everyone thought it was funny at the time. Now they are not so sure. Senator Dirksen's caper had a certain exquisite irony: He slipped his anti-reapportionment amendment into Senate debate in the disguise of the year's most banal bill. What followed was the usual Dirksenian *opera buffa*. The Senator pranced around the chamber like a garrulous Harpo Marx, aided by a supporting cast of opponents, who only dimly perceived that the joke was on them.

The opponents of what is now called the Dirksen amendment have never constituted a majority in Congress, and they rightly tend to disparage their effectiveness. For all that, they have managed to force the reapportionment issue into the most byzantine parliamentary designs. Last year, an anti-reapportionment bill (which would have stripped federal courts of jurisdiction in cases involving apportionment of state legislatures) whipped through the House and, in somewhat dilute form, almost passed the Senate as a rider to the foreign aid bill. Dirksen had the sentiment of the Senate on his side then, but despite wily maneuvering he could not mobilize his votes at the right time and place. The matter was put off until the current session.

In the opening week of Congress, Senator Dirksen introduced the bill again, this time in the form of a constitutional amendment. Its effect would be to neutralize the two Supreme Court decisions which have forced state legislatures to go through the agony of reapportioning themselves into new structures of power. *Baker* v. *Carr* in 1962 made it clear that the Court considered malapportioned legislatures unconstitutional. *Reynolds* v. *Sims* in June, 1964, set down the guidelines for "constitutional" apportionment: "one man, one vote." In his majority opinion, Chief Justice Warren wrote, "legislators represent people, not trees or acres. Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests."

Nevertheless, the trees, acres and rural economic interests of America united in impressive strength behind the Dirksen amendment. It would allow one house of a state legislature to be apportioned "upon the basis of factors other than population," on the analogy of the federal system (which the Supreme Court pointed out had nothing to do with states, which are not federations of counties or cities). Dirksen's one concession to popular egalitarian democracy was a provision that malapportionment plans should be approved by referendum. Such was his faith in the altruism of the electorate that he assumed a majority of people in each state would vote themselves out of equal representation.

His opponents feared he was right. Public opinion polls, and results of a few state tests of reapportionment schemes (in Colorado, for example) suggest that most voters do not particularly worry about sharing their state senator or assemblymen with a stand of oak trees in a neighboring county. And in fact, the political consequences of "one man, one vote," at least in the short run, were not very clear.

It was assumed that reapportionment according to population would give the cities the dominant voice in state government, and that all sorts of urban benefits would flow. The shift from rural to urban power would somehow liberalize the broad canvass of American political life; urban minorities (especially Negroes) would be able to better their condition; housing and welfare programs could be easily extended; budget and taxation impasses would come unstuck; and – not least – the power base of the Republican Party would measurably shrink.

Closer examination, however, revealed one or two cracks in that picture window. The big winners in reapportionment would not be the cities (which are losing population) but the suburbs, which, as they used to say in Budapest, cannot be counted on in a revolutionary situation. In California, the most egregious example of suburban proliferation, the center of political gravity would shift from the tentatively liberal middle of the state to somewhere in the vicinity of Orange County, the Bavaria of the Southwest. In Pennsylvania, Philadelphia would lose power to its suburbs, which linger on the brink of backlash.

To make the confusion of Congress more complete, the philosophical arguments for and against "one man, one vote" do not fit neatly into liberal and conservative niches. Chief Justice Warren's opinion was an eloquent defense of the principle of equal representation, which he made almost, but not quite, an absolute moral value. But there was an eloquent dissent which, out of its particular context, could just as well serve as a

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defense of American democracy.

Baffled by politics and philosophy, congressmen often as not had peculiar reactions to the Dirksen amendment. Two months ago, the hard core of opponents predicted that the amendment would breeze through the Senate Judiciary Committee (where Mr. Dirksen is the ranking Republican) and get more than the necessary two-thirds majority for a constitutional amendment on the floor.

Imagine their surprise, then, when Senator Dirksen's friends began deserting him on the Committee. It was one of those rare instances when congressional hearings have a substantive effect on members' votes. What happened was that every predictable conservative, from Senator Strom Thurmond to the Liberty Lobby, testified for the Dirksen amendment, and every predictable liberal from the NAACP to the AFL-CIO appeared against it. Slowly, the Senators began to realize what was up.

The first method of attack was to substitute amendments for Dirksen's version which would be either unacceptable to the conservatives or meaningless on their face. Senator Javits, torn as is his unhappy fate between upstate and metropolitan New York, and the conflicting demands of his party and his electorate, had his life even more complicated by the New York mayoralty candidacy of Representative John Lindsay, whose campaign Javits heads. Javits could hardly remain a champion of malapportionment; he introduced a substitute for the Dirksen amendment which effectively nullified Dirksen's intention. He then announced he would vote against Dirksen on the Judiciary Committee. Senator Edward Long, of Missouri, suddenly realized that his future, too, rested with the foes of Dirksen, and said that he would vote accordingly. Senator Birch Bayh, of Indiana, not originally tied to "one man, one vote," said that he had his own substitute and would vote against Dirksen.

The most humiliating blow to Dirksen was the absence of three of his supporters at the crucial Committee vote. Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, who may or may not want his supporters in suburban Philadelphia to increase their political power, had another meeting that day and couldn't tear himself away. Senator George Smathers, of Florida, a Dirksen supporter, never showed up (on the advice, it has been rumored, of Vice President Humphrey), and for some unknown reason, Senator John McClellan, who never seemed to be vulnerable to any liberal argument in the past, was another no-show.

Dirksen was deserted. Rather than lose the committee vote 8-to-5, he embarked on a "baby filibuster," and finished only two pages of a 40-page report before everyone called it a day. But two days later he slid into the Senate, called up the "National American Legion Baseball Week" bill, struck out every word but the title, and substituted the Dirksen amendment for it.

The small group of senators determined to fight it lumbered into action. Senator Douglas was first off to spar with Dirksen. "We want to encourage junior league baseball," Douglas said. "We are for baseball on its own merits. We will oppose a motion to substitute a constitutional amendment for the baseball week. We are in favor of baseball, pure and undefiled."

Dirksen was in favor of baseball, too. He promised that he would not forsake National American Legion Baseball Week. "So have no concern, weep no tears, express no solicitude, because that, too, will be taken care of in good time."

Good time could be a long while. Opponents of the Dirksen amendment have begun their own "baby filibuster" on the Senate floor. They promise not to obstruct President Johnson's program, but they hope to talk away the amendment if necessary. Within a few days of the start of their campaign, however, it looked as if they might have more support than they thought. It takes only 34 votes (assuming a full Senate present) to kill the amendment; a preliminary head count shows the anti-Dirksen side, headed by Senators Douglas, Tydings, and Proxmire, have at least 35 votes. The group of customary liberals is augmented by the Kennedy brothers, who again (as in the fight over the poll tax amendment to the voting rights bill) find themselves more liberal than President Johnson, or at least more publicly so.

The Administration does not want to take sides. Perhaps the President is influenced by his own sentimental attachment to the rural virtues which both Republicans and Democrats in the Midwest, South and Southwest share. In any case, it is yet too dangerous politically to oppose the Dirksen amendment, and not even necessary if the more courageous Senators can get rid of it themselves. There is no reason for Mr. Johnson to antagonize Dirksen – the real "majority leader" of the Senate – any more than he has to. Ultimately, of course, the President knows that the future of his party and his program could benefit from reapportionment, and he is bound to see the Dirksen amendment killed. He has apparently let Humphrey, in a quiet way, work to that end.

But nobody underestimates Dirksen's ability to maneuver Congress. There are an infinite number of possibilities between no amendment at all and the present Dirksen version which might be acceptable to more than two-thirds of Congress, and the liberal group is not yet convinced that it could stop them all in principle. Dirksen surely will have his fun with it; at times it seems his only purpose in the Senate is the amusement of himself and his colleagues. It is not an ignoble purpose.

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Flying Porkbarrels

Early this month eight Senators sat down with eight colleagues from the House Appropriations Committee to the happy task of deciding how many tax dollars should be given away in the next 12 months to the nation's airlines that provide local services. This annual launching of flying porkbarrels has been a midsummer rite on Capitol Hill for the past dozen years – ever since Congress ordered the Post Office Department to stop giving handouts to the domestic airlines, large and small, in the form of inflated pay for carrying the air mail. Since Congress took over the job of handing out subsidies, the giveaway figures have steadily increased and last year reached a new peak: $87 million.

If you ask your congressman about this he will almost surely deny that he has any effective say in the amount of subsidy paid to the nation's 13 small feeder airlines. He will insist that the Civil Aeronautics Board decides how much subsidy each airline is entitled to, and the only responsibility Congress has is to appropriate money already committed to the airlines by CAB. Many congressmen really believe this, and it can be true – so long as the president of the local-service carrier in any given congressman's home district or home state doesn't complain.

This year when CAB asked for $4 million to keep three local helicopter airlines alive for another year, it made its request knowing full well that Congress was angry with CAB for handing out federal subsidies to only three helicopter lines, when there were 10 times that many actual and prospective helicopter airlines fit, willing and able to operate vertical lift porkbarrels of their own. When nevertheless CAB asked for new money to keep the Los Angeles, Chicago and New York helicopter lines going for another year, Congress dropped all pretense of voting whatever money CAB had committed it to. "What are you doing here?" Representative Albert Thomas (D., Texas), chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee in charge of the CAB budget, asked the five-man CAB when hearings on the 1965-1966 budget opened early in March. "Congress told you what to do. I don't understand why you and your chief counsel are here." He also accused members of the "independent" regulatory board: "You thumbed your nose at Congress. You cannot even read the language."

Neither Representative Thomas, nor Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.), who runs aviation affairs with a firm hand in the upper chamber, seems deeply concerned whether federal money is being wasted on helicopter subsidies. What they strongly object to is any decision by CAB which might impinge on the prerogatives of Congress. Two years ago CAB got the notion that Congress wanted a cut in subsidy payments to the local-service carriers, but was quickly set straight. A daily aviation house organ warned CAB of its folly and pointed out that "by its very nature, the local industry is the most potent segment, politically, of the entire US airline industry." With astonishing candor, the trade paper pointed out to CAB that "there is no discernible 'mandate' from Congress to apply a meat-axe to local subsidies, but there are numerous contrary demands."

Some of the $87 million soon to be appropriated will trickle down in the form of public benefits. A part of the subsidy money is already committed to the purchase of modern, turbine-powered aircraft. These are badly needed to replace antiquated Convairs and DC-3's – twin-engine, pre-World War II designed transports, with operating costs so high that even the military services have given up on them. Whether any of the subsidy money will buy better cabin service and a larger cardboard carton of coffee for the passengers is doubtful.

One thing that subsidy money does help pay for is some effective Washington lobbying. This reached a climax two years ago when the local-service airlines were "invited" to meet directly with congressional appropriations committee members, in an executive – press and public barred – session, to present their own subsidy justifications.

It threw further light on who really determines subsidy policy. The presentation also led to congressional approval of one of the highest subsidy appropriations ever voted for the local-service carriers. It is no coincidence that the local-service airlines hold an annual "Congressional Appreciation Luncheon" to honor their friends on the Hill.

Federal subsidy also will continue to pay for one of the highest salaried management groups in the airline industry. Frontier Airlines, which serves 11 thinly populated but politically powerful Western states, last year paid its president $78,269 for his services. The chairman of Frontier's board of directors was paid an additional $25,000. Salaries paid to presidents and/or board chairmen of the 13 subsidized local-service airlines last year totalled $711,573. This generosity on the part of the subsidized airlines has led one economy-minded critic to suggest that the government force a general merger of the 13 lines into a single route network. Such a merger would offer substantial operating economies, not least from the fact that only one president would be needed. For their $711,573, taxpayers and stockholders in the local-service lines could hire the president of United Air Lines, largest air carrier

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in the world. They could even offer to double the UAL president's last-year salary of $78,750 and still have a substantial sum of money to give back to the US Treasury.

Only the UAL president might, out of force of habit perhaps, turn in a profit for his 13-carrier combine. This would take all the flying porkbarrels right out of Congress's gravitational pull.

In the recent March hearings a congressman asked the CAB chairman: "Of these various subsidized airlines that you have, is there any possibility of any of them being taken off the subsidized list in the next few years?"

"We have hopes for a couple of them."

"The others as far as you see will be on indefinitely?"

"Yes, sir; as long as the Congress provides or wants the kind of air network we have today, or something similar."

ROBERT BURKHARDT

The Dominican Military

The Dominican military establishment and junta led by General Antonio Imbert Barreras, which is grandiloquently entitled the Government of National Reconstruction, are doing their best to obstruct a political solution of the three months of civil war. They feel time and US public opinion, if not the Administration, are on their side.

The "rebel" Constitutionalists' high command led by Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deño conditionally accepted the Organization of American States nominee for provisional President: Hector Garcia Godoy, a former diplomat and political moderate. Imbert promptly sought to undermine Godoy. Imbert's Radio Santo Domingo launched scurrilous attacks on him; meanwhile the generals tried to break down what little confidence the Constitutionalists felt toward Godoy by suggesting to the Constitutionalist leaders that Godoy was secretly on the Imbert side and ready to meet all Imbert's conditions. On the military front the junta has been lobbing mortars over the OAS troops into the Constitutionalist zone, hoping to provoke the Constitutionalists into returning fire at the OAS forces, and touching off a resumption of fighting.

Godoy, a leader of a community development program in Santiago, the country's second largest city, is a capable administrator who is expected to be able to form an efficient and hard-working cabinet. He will doubtless have to go along with US insistence that Communist and left-wing parties be declared illegal. But he said in an interview: "I think there are some Communist leaders in the country. I don't know how many. In any case we will extend to them guarantees for their safety and a general amnesty. And there will be no deportations. I don't think the Communist threat is a substantial one in this country, especially if we adopt intelligent policies. Of course there are many fellow travellers, but this is because of poverty, lack of work and not enough food, illiteracy and bad health. Our fight is with these social and economic conditions, not with the fellow travellers."

Such sentiments are not very different from those that can be heard at Caamaño's headquarters at the Copello Building on El Conde Street. Despite all that has happened, the political leaders of the Constitutionalist movement are no further to the left than they were when the revolution began on April 25. They emphasize past betrayals and double dealings by the Americans, but do so in a tone of regret and disappointment, not anger. They probably cannot afford to feel too much resentment. The US is the only guarantor of their future, the only force standing between them and the junta's ambitions to wipe them out.

Caamaño is becoming a folk hero closely identified with the cause against the tyranny of the military. Dominicans seem prepared to overlook his former role as head of the riot squad.

Insofar as the Constitutionalists stand for a reaction against the authoritarian social climate and structure of Dominican public life, as a protest against the pervasive and ceaseless police brutality, as an expression of profound resentment against the repetitive corruptions of power, then Caamaño's claim that he has 80 percent of the country behind him is probably not exaggerated. Much of this political focus will become blurred and fragmented by future political rivalries, but a sediment of indignation will endure in variously articulated political forms.

Thus the military and police establishment faces the prospect of a whole nation actively against it, of political parties vying to reduce and control its power. Even Godoy, who is in an extremely delicate position, has talked about reducing the 40,000 personnel of the army, navy, air force and police, whose joint upkeep eats up over half of all government expenditures every year. A high-ranking officer at the US Embassy has declared that "the US government would support a reduction in the Dominican military." But if the US were to go one step further and start doing the job itself, it would get faster results on the negotiating front; at the same time it would insure against the future possibility of another bloody confrontation between the people and the military, and present the Dominican Republic with at least one good thing done, one virtuous act to make amends for the many mistakes of the past three months.

JOHN THACKRAY

JOHN THACKRAY *was recently in the Dominican Republic as a correspondent of* The Statist.

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The Big Gun on Poverty

by Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

One of the interesting things about the American economy – really the American society – is that practically nobody will believe some of the main facts about it. For example, if you would like to make your friends' eyes pop, tell them that:

► During the past two years, the largest growth in jobs has been among the Negroes, the unskilled and the teen-agers.

► Jobs have increased rapidly in the very places where the great bogey, automation, was supposed to cause trouble. Manufacturing jobs are up. Clerical jobs are up. Transport jobs are up. Warehouse jobs are up. Unskilled jobs are up.

► By the test of income, 450,000 families moved out of the poverty class last year, almost none of them touched by the poverty program.

► There has been a reduction of a half million in the adult long-term, or chronically, unemployed (coal miners, etc.), not more than a tenth of whom have been touched by retraining programs.

Why should such facts provoke disbelief? The answer involves the ancient distinction between the forest and the trees. Most of us have been looking at trees – understandably – and have been missing the forest. The key to it all is prosperity – or, in more precise terms, an economic growth rate of five instead of two or three percent.

A few percentage points sound small, but the difference they make is staggering. Much of our thinking – and our sense of America's problems – stems from the period of close to a decade when the country's growth was sluggish. This was the time of regular recessions; the time when each recovery from recession left the country with a higher rate of unemployment than the time before; when the gap in unemployment between Negroes and whites, between unskilled and skilled began to widen; when unions and others began to fear automation.

We began to talk and think in terms of "structural" unemployment. Reporters went into the West Virginia hills and into Negro slums and told of a situation of near hopelessness. We entered a mental state very similar to that of the "permanent over-capacity" or secular stagnation theories of the 1930's.

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Things have changed, and changed drastically. But our minds have not yet caught up.

John Donne once wrote a great humanistic line: "Each man's death diminisheth me." He wrote a truth that must dominate any decent society. But he helped foster a classic human error: the error of generalizing from the particular.

We read or hear about a few longshoremen, railroad firemen, newspaper typographers or meatcutters who are threatened with loss of work because of new machines. Because their economic deaths diminish us, we conclude that there is a problem of automation. So did our great-grandfathers over home weavers, our grandfathers over harness makers and our fathers over mom-and-pop grocery stores. But there was not a *general* problem then and there is not now. This country generated a cool two million jobs between May of 1964 and May of 1965, *after allowing for all the jobs "lost" through automation.*

We read about Harlem junkies and conclude that most urban Negroes are jobless and hopeless. While there is no desire here to minimize the social, or economic, problems of the American Negro, and while Negroes remain at the bottom of the ladder, they are benefiting enormously from our currently improved economic performance. Their unemployment rate has dropped by 35 percent since 1961, or by 350,000 persons. More of them than ever before have steady jobs that pay fairly decent wages and more are, by any test, in the "middle class." They are mainly urban. And though their life is better, at least economically, this is *not* because of any special programs for them or their children.

We read about teen-age youth roaming the streets and having a high rate of unemployment, and there is truth in this. But more important is the fact that, in the present state of the economy, the great bulk of the teen-agers of all family backgrounds get jobs after a few months of unemployment. And then, after a period of having nonsteady jobs, they get full-time jobs. There is a sharply *lower* rate of unemployment among people aged 20 to 24 than among those 14 to 20, and a lower rate still among those over 25 – Negroes included, though Negroes have higher rates in all categories. The rates of unemployment in all groups have declined in the past few years except for those under 20, and that is simply because of a

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temporarily huge population bulge in the under-20 group. Teen-agers are actually getting jobs faster than ever before.

We read about the problem of the high school dropout – the modern-day "Okie." Like the Okie's, it is real. But the fact is that the vast majority, skilled or unskilled, of the high school dropouts now get jobs, though not necessarily well-paying jobs. They get them thanks almost entirely to general prosperity rather than to special programs.

We read about layoffs in the Brooklyn Navy Yard or Southern California aircraft plants because of defense cutbacks. This provides the rationale for much high-powered academic research on the economic implications of a reduced defense budget. But nobody seems to notice that the jobs affected are an insignificant percentage of the total in their areas and that most of those laid off get other jobs without special help in today's conditions.

In short, John Donne wins every time, in our hearts. It is good that he does – in our hearts. But his trees need not obscure the forest, in our minds.

Only One Percentage Point

By now, perhaps, the human beings among the readers of this article – I mean the nonstatisticians – are a bit groggy. Yet it is worth pressing on to a few conclusions.

The main conclusion is that an increase of one percentage point in the national rate of economic growth solves far more problems of human misery, insofar as they stem from unemployment or low income, than all the retraining programs, union resistance to automation, poverty programs, distressed-area programs and the rest put together. This is not to oppose the programs aimed at tackling the special cases, but to put them in perspective: All put together, they cannot accomplish nearly as much good as a difference between $40-billion and $30-billion in the growth of the Gross National Product.

The reason is in front of our eyes but we do not see it. This is still overwhelmingly a *private* society and economy in which nearly all of us find jobs for ourselves and make our own way. And of course it is a society in which most jobs are created privately, through the operation of the profit motive. The huge joke of the Goldwater school is its contention that the government is becoming our keeper. It is not only not our keeper, it has a terribly hard time in the limited areas where it tries to influence private choices and destinies. Negroes get jobs because Negroes seek them and somebody provides them, not normally because of any government program. Three cheers for the poverty program, but readers need not be told how hard a time the government is having guiding the choices of individuals in this society.

The second conclusion, however, is that the private system does depend on the government in one major sense. *Only* the government has the instruments to influence total spending power in the economy. It does this through its fiscal (spending and taxation) and monetary (bank credit, interest rate, money supply) policies. We have had rapid growth in the past few years, with all the afore-cited benefits, to a considerable extent because the government used these weapons to stimulate the economy.

According to a current joke in Washington, one man asks another how the President is to pay for the big expansion in domestic programs, from education to conservation, in his budget. The answer comes back, "How old-fashioned you are. Out of tax cuts of course!"

The joke tells a truth – a truth not easy to grasp. It tells the difference between an expansionary fiscal policy and an orthodox, or restrictive, fiscal policy.

During most of the fifties the Eisenhower Administration pursued restrictive policies. The men in charge were not necessarily stupid and certainly were not evil. They did so because they believed the main threat to our continued well-being was inflation—and we certainly had some inflation. The way to kill inflation (and they eventually did so) is to hold back total demand through restrictive monetary and fiscal policy. But the price is grim: slow growth, with all the actual and psychological evils it produces. We are still living, as noted, with the psychological hangover.

The present Administration has pursued an expansionary policy – and it was able to do so in part because it was given an economy where serious inflation had at last been killed, and also an economy with a huge supply of unused resources of plant and labor. In any event, the sophisticated use of expansionary fiscal policy is a major, probably *the* major, reason we are growing faster than we were.

Although there is some dispute on the point, the contention here is that it does not make a great deal of difference *where* the government spends or to *whom* it gives tax relief; in the sense of the forest as distinct from the trees, the effects on total jobs and incomes will be there. One can, and should, argue over equity, but the fact remains that, one way or another, a Negro slum dweller in Chicago benefits from a reduction in the excise tax on diamond rings, or from a two-point cut in the corporation income tax. He may in fact benefit more from these than from the poverty program; taken *en masse*, the Negro community will certainly benefit more – and has benefited more – from rapid growth than from the poverty program. They will get jobs. This is also true of the three-quarters

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of the poor or unemployed who are white.

The third conclusion is that none of this invalidates the terribly important business of looking at the trees as well as at the forest. General prosperity and more rapid economic growth leave some poor, some junkies, some unadaptable dropouts, some alcoholics – all sorts of unhappy and unfortunate people. It is quite true that prosperity, while it benefits all groups, does not necessarily narrow the gap between the successful and the culturally deprived – that is, the poverty gap. Whether the federal government, in its new burst of energy, can help to cope meaningfully with these problems is one of the exciting open questions of our times. The truly personal welfare approach by government has always and everywhere been difficult, and it is more difficult than ever in a federal system such as ours.

But what has been going on is clear. The facts that Negroes remain behind, or that the income gap is not closing, are less important than the fact that the poor, too, are getting a great deal from our present, far more successful economic performance – in jobs, and incomes, and in many cases dignity. The unemployment wasn't so "structural" after all. Without being statistically precise, it is worth repeating that every day 10 Negroes or whites get jobs because of prosperity, for the one who gets a job because of special programs for the disadvantaged.

A policy of general and totally impersonal stimulation of what economists call aggregate demand through fiscal and monetary policy, when such stimulus is needed, has been and will be the *big* weapon against human misery in this country and in this economy. The Hellers and Ackleys with their manipulation of the Gross National Product have improved far more human individual situations, if almost unwittingly, than the Wirtzes and the Shrivers with their effort to reach individuals.

Both groups are sturdy warriors in the battle for a better society. But anyone who wants a good life for those left behind in America had best keep his eye first on the GNP.

The Disputed Jordan Waters

by Elizabeth Monroe

Gunfire on Israel's border is a reminder of grave potential trouble in the Middle East. The US has had to warn Nasser about saber rattling; Egypt has been having air raid practices and partial mobilizations.

Egged on by Egypt, the Syrians and the Lebanese have been moving earth near the point at which their two frontiers meet Israel's, apparently with the intention of diverting two tributaries of the river Jordan that rise in Syria and Lebanon. Twice the Israelis, returning shots fired from Syria, destroyed some of the earth-moving machinery. They have threatened more drastic action. The Israeli foreign minister, Mrs. Golda Meir, says: "We are not prepared to wait until the Arabs complete the diversion scheme in order to ascertain whether the amount of water actually diverted justifies action. The only way to avert a military clash is for the Arabs to stop now."

The lay of the land and the size of the tributaries suggest that diversion would cost the Arabs more money than its effect on Israel would be worth. The Jordan is a small river whose volume is only three percent that of the Tennessee. Its length as the crow flies is only 110 miles. But it falls from a source high on 9,000-foot Mount Hermon to the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below sea level. As with all rivers fed from snow mountains, its flow is irregular, a spate occurring in winter and early spring. Its lower reaches are saline. The Jordan's headwaters are salt-free, but halfway down its course is Lake Tiberias – the biblical Sea of Galilee – which has for centuries been famous for its healing salt springs. These salt springs rise not only beside but beneath the lake so that a river which, when it flows in contains only 20 parts of salt per million has acquired 270 ppm by the time it flows out again. A few miles farther downstream the salt content is reduced again by the entry from the east of the Jordan river's largest tributary, the Yarmuk, a river which is very nearly as big as the Jordan and is sweet water.

What this means is that the Jordan river is suited by nature for irrigation schemes using gravity flow, but can be used to the full only if dammed and stored, and

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here is Lake Tiberias ideally placed for cheap natural storage, where, if all or part of the Yarmuk were to be diverted across the few miles that separate it from the lake, the salinity problem would become negligible.

The Palestine war of 1948 put an end to composite plans for using the Jordan. It created armistice frontiers that left the river's basin in the hands of four states, Syria, Lebanon, Israel and Jordan. Only Israel and Jordan vitally need the water. Each conceived its own separate plan but was too poor to do much without foreign aid. The Israeli plan caused the Arabs great anxiety by prescribing removal of some Jordan water from the river's natural basin, and its conveyance by pumping and coastal pipeline to Israel's empty southern desert – the Negev. The Arabs foresaw a frightening increase in Israel's population.

The US government commissioned a composite plan to end the separate plans and President Eisenhower appointed the late Eric Johnston, head of the American Motion Picture Corporation, to sell it to both sides. It envisaged control by a Jordan Valley Authority and 40 percent of the Jordan waters for the Jews, and 60 percent for the three Arab states with the lion's share going to Jordan. Johnston thought he had reached the 10-yard line when he had got agreement as to sharing, though not as to the size of shares. But the plan foundered amid inter-Arab quarrels, frontier raids, reprisals, Egypt's arms deal with Czechoslovakia, our refusal of the Aswan Dam loan and, ultimately, Israel's attack on Egypt and the Suez crisis.

Israel and Jordan reverted to individual plans. To prevent anarchy the United States and other Western lenders for separate schemes stipulated that funds would be forthcoming only to states that stuck to the "Johnston shares." In million cubic meters of water per annum, these were: Israel 400 mcms, Lebanon 35 mcms, Syria 132 mcms, and Jordan 480 mcms. Jordan's withdrawal, known as the East Ghor Canal, entails drawing sweet water out of the Yarmuk and building a dam on the Yarmuk. The Israeli withdrawal removes Jordan water from Lake Tiberias to feed the coastal plain. The pumping station that performs this feat is sunk deep into the hill above the lake.

Virtually none of the water has been available for peopling the Negev because it has had to be used to replenish underground resources that have been overdrawn upon. The Jaffa orange-grower has taken fright at its salt content, and plans to purify the lake are being discussed. They would be expensive. Forward-looking economists consider use of the water for industry will multiply the gross national product three times as fast as will its use for agriculture; industry can take salinity in its stride. Further, Israeli engineers, in collaboration with Kaiser Engineering of Oakland and the Catalytic Engineering Company of Philadelphia, are engaged in a plan to desalinate sea water that should be producing 100 mcms per annum of "artificial Jordan" by 1971.

The start of Israeli pumping from the lake last summer jolted the Arabs into thoughts of retaliation. Their case was weakened by the fact that the Kingdom of Jordan was also helping itself to water, so they revived the conception of diverting the two headwater tributaries that rise in Syria and Lebanon. This project cannot bring them all the advantages that they imagine. The chief headwater stream is the Dan, which accounts for 45 percent of the total flow, and rises in Israel. The Dan is entirely spring-fed, and so flows constantly throughout the year. Of the two tributaries, approximately equal in size, the Hasbani, which rises high up in Lebanon, is so seasonal in its flow that diversion would be difficult without a dam, and any such dam has yet to be surveyed and built. The Banias, in Syria, is unsuitable for damming, and to divert its spate into the Yarmuk, 45 miles away, would cost anything between $90 million and $150 million, according to engineers. The project would call for a degree of mutual Arab trust and cooperation that, as President Nasser pointed out in a realistic speech to a Palestine organization on May 31, does not now exist.

Why, then, so much fuss and fear in Israel? Why not play it cool and dishearten the Arabs by proving statistically how little harm per million dollars spent a diversion scheme can do? For more than one reason, Israelis do not fancy this calm technique. They contend, with good supporting evidence, that their policy of reprisals has always proved the quickest way of checking the Arabs; what is more, most of them have not yet outgrown some initial and excessive expectations about water from the north; lastly, they are now engaged in an internal party struggle that prevents their government from taking any line that could be labelled "soft with the Arabs."

The temptation to utter threats is therefore great: It rages on the Arab side also out of a sense of frustration and impotence. Doses of fact are the only means of quieting the fever. Statistics, based on the average flow of the river and its tributaries over many years, prove that even if the whole of the 300 mcms per annum of the Hasbani and Banias were totally diverted, the problems presented to Israel would be surmountable, and the Arabs would have spent huge sums that would probably better achieve their ends if spent in other ways. Their project would be self-defeating if it were to give the Israelis license to take all the rest of the sweet waters of the upper river.

For the present ingrained habits of thought count for more than the practical facts of geography. But the latter will make themselves felt in time, and when they do so, the diversion controversy will be dead.

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Stevenson—Tragedy and Greatness

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Adlai Stevenson has been praised and buried. His wit and eloquence have been duly noted; his honesty and his disappointments commented on. Yet these qualities do not explain the impact his death has made upon the people. After all, there have been other witty, eloquent, honest and disappointed candidates for the Presidency whom men have not mourned as they mourn Adlai Stevenson. What sets Adlai Stevenson apart from all the other seekers after high office of his time, successful or unsuccessful? What is the gift which only he has brought to American life, which made the vanquished shine more brightly than the victor? The answer is both simple and complex: It is the quality of greatness tinged with tragedy. The man in the street felt that tragic greatness without being able to define its substance. Everybody knew that here was a unique political figure, different from all others and in an undefinable, almost mysterious sense superior to them. Everybody also sensed that this political figure, in all his uniqueness, was more like ourselves than the common run of politicians (this is what we mean when we say that he was "more human" than they) and that his tragic failure was in some way the tragedy of all of us writ large. Adlai Stevenson was indeed political Everyman. His promise was ours, and so was his failure, and the tears we shed for him we shed for ourselves.

Wherein did Adlai Stevenson's greatness consist? Wherein does any man's greatness consist? It consists in his ability to push the human potential for achievement in a particular respect to its outer limits, or beyond them if they are defined in terms of what can be expected in the ordinary course of events. Thus we speak of great painters and great writers, great liars and great lovers, great statesmen and great merchants, great saints and great crooks. We call them great because they have done what others may do well, indifferently or badly, with a measure of excellence that at least intimates perfection.

Adlai Stevenson was great in his relationship to power. He was not a great statesman because he did not have the chance to use power for the purposes of the state. He was not a great politician because he did not choose to be a politician. But he was a great seeker after power, and it was his very greatness in the pursuit of power that was, as we shall see, responsible for the tragedy of his failure.

In order to understand the substance of Stevenson's greatness, we must remind ourselves that there are two ways in which to be great in the pursuit of power. The search for power ordinarily entails, at least in a certain measure, the sacrifice of the intellectual and moral virtues. It is in the nature of the struggle for power that the competitors must deceive themselves as they deceive others. Those who have chosen power as the ultimate aim in life must use truth and virtue as means to their chosen end and discard them when they do not serve that end. The prototype of this power seeker is endowed with what Russell Kirk in a contemporary reference has called "a canine appetite for personal power." He is a Borgia or a Stalin, the Machiavellian prince, who will stop at nothing to gain and hold the power he seeks. He will sacrifice all other values for the sake of power. His greatness consists in that single-minded, ruthless pursuit of power, of which lesser—and better—men are incapable. They stop at some point on the road to power, distracted and restrained by the common virtues of intellect and ethics.

Man is capable of another kind of greatness in the pursuit of power, which owes less to Machiavelli than to Plato's postulate of the philosopher-king and to the Hebrew-Christian ideal of the wise and good ruler. That greatness consists not in the single-minded pursuit of power but in the ability to subordinate the pursuit of power to transcendent intellectual and moral values. Rather than being possessed by power, those men possess it; rather than being devoured by it, they tame it. History has indeed known few rulers of this kind. But they have, as far as I can see, all been secure in the possession of power, generally by virtue of the automatic character of monarchical succession. Those who had to fight for gaining and keeping power, which is of course the normal situation in a democracy, have generally been precluded by this ever-present concern from attaining that greatness. The best they have been able to achieve has been an uneasy *modus vivendi*, a compromise between the demands of power and the

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requirements of the intellectual and moral virtues, with power having an excellent chance of prevailing when the chips are down. Of those who could not take power for granted but had to fight for it, I know only one who has attained that greatness: Abraham Lincoln. And it is indeed impossible to think of the substance of Stevenson's greatness without reflecting on the greatness of Lincoln. What they have in common explains their greatness; in what they differ accounts for the triumph of the one and the failure of the other.

What Lincoln and Stevenson have in common is a high degree of freedom from illusion, to which politicians – as all men – are prey, about themselves, about their actions, and about the world. What took the place of these illusions was a lucid awareness, both intellectual and moral, of the nature of the political act, of their involvement in it, and of the consequences of that involvement for themselves and for the world. That awareness gave them the intellectual distinction and moral sensitivity, which set them apart from the common run of politicians. It gave their actions the appearance of indecisiveness and the reality of moral force. It accounts for their personal qualities of eloquence, wit and sadness.

Jump into the Dark

Lincoln and Stevenson knew both the moral risks and the practical hazards inseparable from the political act. They knew that to act politically was to take a jump into the dark. Innocent people would suffer, and the outcome was uncertain. Moral absolution could not be bought with good intentions nor could success be vouchsafed through ingenuity. The actor on the political stage takes his fate into his hands. Try as he may, he cannot escape the risks and hazards of his acts. If he is of the run of the mill, he will consult the flight of the birds, the constellation of the stars, or their modern equivalent, the public opinion polls, and receive the illusion of that certainty which the facts of experience refuse him. If he is great in the manner of Lincoln and Stevenson, he cannot help but face the risks and hazards of his acts, to weigh them against the risks and hazards of alternative acts, to shudder at what he must do – and do it as though those risks and hazards did not exist. He acts in awareness, and in spite of, these risks and hazards. Here is the measure of the heroic dimension of Lincoln's actions.

What the actor's mind knows, his action is ignorant of. It can afford to be determined and bold because the mind has done its task of knowing, weighing, and judging. It is for that very same reason that the act carries within itself the conviction of justice in the sense of being appropriate to the end to be achieved. What needs to be done will be done, but nothing more, is the message the act seems to convey. Here is the core of the moral force of Lincoln's policies.

That contrast and tension between what the actor knows and what he must do accounts for his eloquence, his wit and his sadness. In both Lincoln and Stevenson, eloquence is more than a mere matter of rhetoric and literary skill; wit is more than a mere matter of fleetness of brain and quickness of tongue; and sadness is more than a mere matter of mood and nerves. They are the qualities of souls that have been formed by their awareness of what the political act implies, and by the burden of having to act nevertheless.

Lincoln and Stevenson share the gift of eloquence and wit with other great political figures. One thinks of Bismarck, Churchill, and Adenauer. The quality of sadness is theirs alone. It is the function of an intellectual and moral sensitivity in the face of power which, so it seems, is peculiarly American. It gives immunity against that ultimate illusion to which even the intellectually aware and morally sensitive political actor is apt to succumb. His heroism makes him act; his intellect makes him explain himself; his wit makes him transcend the incongruities of his political existence at least in thought. And so he may delude himself into believing that now he has mastered the political world. Lincoln and Stevenson were incapable of that ultimate illusion. They knew that, when all is said and done, they were still faced, without remedy or escape, with the moral ambiguities and practical pitfalls of the political act. Knowing what they knew about themselves, their actions, and the world, they could not but be sad. Their sadness denotes the resigned acceptance of the moral and intellectual imperfections of the political world and of their precarious place within it.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these qualities of greatness are more fully developed in Lincoln than they are in Stevenson. They were not clearly visible before Lincoln entered the White House; it was the pain of great decisions that brought them to the fore. Thus they have a grave and somber aura which Stevenson's qualities are lacking. Stevenson's greatness was not the result of an ineluctable confrontation between personality and fate: The only great decision he had to face, it is true three times, was whether or not to seek the nomination. Rather it was the spontaneous expression of a great personality in intellectual anticipation of the fateful decisions he might have to make. Hence the peculiar quality of playfulness, of the aimless intellectual exercise, which is alien to Lincoln.

What is the relevance of this difference between Lincoln and Stevenson for the latter's failure to gain political power after his initial success in Illinois? The answer to that question is obscured and rendered speculative by the intrinsic hopelessness of the 1952

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and 1956 campaigns and by his failure to win the nomination in 1960. But why did he pursue the aspiration, foredoomed to failure, of becoming Secretary of State? And why did he silently suffer for four and a half years the humiliation of being Ambassador to the United Nations? Can these questions be explained away as accidents of history? Or do these persistent failures point to a fatal flaw, a tragic defect in Stevenson's greatness, which barred his way to power, but which might not have barred him from making great use of it had he been able to achieve it? I think indeed that there was such a flaw. In order to understand its nature, let us return for a moment to Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, we have said, revealed his greatness only after he had reached the highest office. He made his way to that office as a politician competing with other politicians, seeking power in the manner of politicians, always tough and sometimes ruthless and devious. Lincoln made no bones about wanting power, and the people gave it to him. It was only after he had reached it that he also achieved that awareness of, and detachment from it in which we found the key to his greatness.

Stevenson showed his awareness of, and detachment from, power from the very outset. No doubt, he wanted power. When it eluded him in 1952, he said that he envied one man, the Governor of Illinois. When as Ambassador to the United Nations and nominal member of the cabinet he had the trappings of power without its substance, he complained about the "disadvantage in being anywhere other than the seat of power." He never forgave himself for his indecision in 1960. He wanted power, but he wanted it only with intellectual and moral reservations openly revealed. He wanted power, but not with that "canine appetite," with that single-minded animal ferocity which carried his competitors in the Democratic Party to success. He wanted power, but he did not want it badly enough. His was a civilized pursuit of power in a barely civilized political world. Yet the people want their politicians to be wholehearted and uncomplicated in their pursuit of power. By being so, the politicians give a token that they can hold and use power when they have it. It was this distance between the core of Stevenson's person and the pursuit of power and the interplay between the two, articulated by him and sensed by the people, that fascinated the masses and gained him their admiration but not their confidence.

It was that very same distance that saved the defeated Stevenson from the disintegration which is the common lot of the frustrated seekers of great power. They hate or drink themselves to death. Stevenson in defeat could fall back upon that moral and intellectual core of his person that remained unaffected by the lust for power. He remained what he had been: eloquent, witty, and sad, but now he was so in a peculiarly purposeless way. The desire for power, too, remained; yet surviving the possibility of its satisfaction, it became patently futile and carried within itself a measure of humiliation.

Stevenson wanted to be Secretary of State, and I suggested him in 1960 to the President-elect for that position; for I thought then, as I think now, that he was far better qualified than his competitors. But it should have been obvious to him—and to me—that politically the appointment was impossible; for the victor did not owe him that much and, more importantly, he could not be expected to countenance the star of Foggy Bottom to shine brighter than the sun of the White House.

UN Ambassador

Stevenson's acceptance of the ambassadorship to the United Nations, to which I was opposed from the outset, and his unwillingness to relinquish it reveal most poignantly the desperation of his pursuit of power. The services he rendered to the country in that position could have been performed as well by lesser men, and they do not compensate for the personal diminution he suffered as a mouthpiece for policies on which he had no influence and was but rarely consulted.

Had Stevenson been more unrestrained a seeker of power, he might have disintegrated in defeat. Had he been less addicted to the pursuit of power, he might have given it up in defeat altogether and become one of the great reflective men of the nation. He did neither. What could already be discerned in 1952, 1956, and 1960 now became almost pathetically obvious: the conflict between intellectual and moral awareness and the pursuit of power, spoiling both.

There, then, is the rub. The intellectual and moral component was too dominant in Stevenson's personality for the good of his political ambitions. It made Stevenson reveal his greatness prematurely. In a democracy, ordinariness, not greatness, gains power. Once a great man, such as Lincoln, has gained power under the cover of ordinariness, he can afford to bare his greatness to the mutitude, but not before. Lincoln's greatness evolved from his ordinariness, buttressed by power. Stevenson's greatness was a gift of nature, not grown from the successful conquest of power, but anticipating it. Yet had Stevenson possessed that quality of ordinariness necessary for the democratic conquest of power, behind which his greatness could for the time being have been hidden, he would in all probability still have lost in 1952 and 1956 and the world might never have known how great a man he was. Thus all may have turned out for the best. Alas, poor Adlai. Such is the irony of your life.

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In the Echo Chamber

by John Wain

"'Jack the Nipple' said Womlbs puffing deeply on his wife, 'is not only a vicious murderer but a sex meany of the lowest orgy.' Then steamed collic relit his pig and walkered to the windy of his famous flat in Bugger Street in London where it all happened. I pondered on his statemouth for a moron then turding sharply I said, 'But how do you know Womlbs?'"

That fragment of Joyce pastiche is the work of John Lennon, Esq., MBE, known wherever human beings walk

A Spaniard in the Works
by John Lennon
(Simon and Schuster; $2.50)

the earth as the Writing Beatle. I didn't, as it happens, read his first book, *John Lennon In His Own Write*, and I don't think I'll bother now, but this new one is worth a glance, if only because it will be read and absorbed by virtually the whole generation of adolescents in Britain and a good many in America too.

The first thing any literate person will notice on reading through Mr. Lennon's book is that it all comes out of one source, namely the later work of James Joyce. Not only the determination to communicate almost exclusively in puns, but the equally determined smutty, blasphemous and subversive tone, are Joycean. *Finnegans Wake* and the nighttown scene in *Ulysses* are now available by proxy to thousands of minds which would normally be prevented from coming anywhere near them; prevented, that is, by a sheer social brick wall, for the printed book simply does not enter into the out-of-school life of a subspecies of the modern adolescent. Anything that does not reach him by TV, radio, film, or the pages of a few popular newspapers, does not reach him, period. It takes a Beatle to crash this barrier, since the Beatles are a law unto themselves and will be followed anywhere they choose to go. Hence the huge, but rapidly dwindling, piles of this book in every English bookshop.

That is fact number one. By crashing the barrier normally erected against the book, Mr. Lennon has, at one stroke, put the young nonreader in touch with a central strand in the literary tradition of the last thirty years in every English-speaking country. For *Finnegans Wake*, once considered impossibly withdrawn, solipsistic and obscure, has in fact become one of the most universally accepted books of the 20th Century. Not many people read it, in the usual sense of sitting down with it and going from beginning to end; but virtually everyone who reads at all has read bits here and there, and most literary people have given assent to its main proposition, namely that language is potentially, and ought to be actually, multi-dimensional. Joyce, who never had good sight and therefore lived mainly in the blind man's world of aural and tactile experiences, approached language through his ears and hands rather than through his eyes. This tendency is already very evident in *Ulysses:*

"Bloom ate liv as said before. Clean here at least. That chap in the Burton, gummy with gristle. No-one here: Goulding and I. Clean tables, flowers, mitres of napkins. Pat to and fro, bald Pat. Nothing to do. Best value in Dub.

"Piano again. Cowley it is. Way he sits in to it, like one together, mutual understanding. Tiresome shapers scraping fiddles, eye on the bowend, sawing the 'cello, remind you of toothache. Her high long snore. Night we were in the box. Trombone under blowing like a grampus, between the acts, other brass chap unscrewing, emptying spittle. Conductor's legs too, bagstrousers, jiggedy jiggedy. Do right to hide them.

"Jiggedy jingle jaunty jaunty."

The language, here, still remain close to the "normal," mainly cognitive use; but already we can discern that the participation to which this writing invites us is as much physical as intellectual: the tongue, lips, throat muscles, are involved as they are in eating; when Mr. Lennon writes, "Father Cradock turns round slowly from the book he is eating and explains that it is just a face she is going through," or says that someone has a "sliced Aberdeen-Martin accent," he might be talking about language as Joyce use it.

With *Finnegans Wake* Joyce moved the pun in to the center and made it the main instrument of his writing. Why did he need to do this, and why have we all so unresistingly followed him? Some of Joyce's reasons may have been to do with his lofty and uncompromising literary programme; he wanted to present human life as an indivisible simultaneity and to banish the idea of linear time, so that the last sentence of *Finnegans Wake* comes back to the first, and the language is given an extra dimension to convey that sense of density, that refusal to isolate experiences and take them one at a time. Joyce was, of course, influenced by Giambattista Vico, whose view of history as not linear but contrapuntal has become more widely known partly because of the attention focused on him by Joyce. Language, which stores the experience of a people in forms that are in constant daily use, seemed to Joyce a living demonstration of the truth of Vico's thesis. Another reason is that Joyce, as an Irishman, felt the inevitable resentment at having to use the language of England, and as a connoisseur and scholar of languages he took delight in making his own instrument of communication.

There were, doubtless, other reasons, but let us take these two for the present. Joyce's distrust of linear conceptions of time would certainly be shared (consciously or unconsciously) by more people today than in his own lifetime. A

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narrative, unilinear view of experience, which underlay the work of both novelist and historian in the 18th and 19th Centuries, is an abstraction. It results from standing back and reasoning about experience, sorting out its thick, knotty textures into manageable threads. There is nowadays a general reluctance to stand back and ratiocinate, and this is why the traditionally written novel is in such trouble; it has so lost conviction that even the people who write it aren't convinced, and feel (wrongly, in my opinion) that they must inject increasing doses of propaganda to give it the appearance of vitality; as for the traditional historian, he has disappeared altogether. Prof. Marshall McLuhan has found wide acceptance for his view, expressed in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, that the invention of movable type moved the sensibility of Western man on to a unilinear plane, and that the consequences were felt in every area of life.

"Everyone is familiar," McLuhan writes, "with the phrase, 'the voices of silence.' It is the traditional word for sculpture. And if an entire year of any college program were spent in understanding that phrase, the world might soon have an adequate supply of competent minds. As the Gutenberg typography filled the world the human voice closed down. People began to read silently and passively as consumers. Architecture and sculpture dried up too. In literature only people from backward oral areas had an resonance to inject into the language – the Yeatses, the Synges, the Joyces, Faulkners, and Dylan Thomases."

Though McLuhan tries to maintain strict impartiality between the brawling media, the tone of disapproval is marked here. The human voice "closed down," it sounds very much as if the inhabitants of "backward" areas – Ireland, Wales, the American South – come into the story like the US Cavalry in a Western. They beat back the marauding forces until the railroads can be built and the channels of communication opened. And now that the Gutenberg era is past, we can all recover the "human voice." We can enter the echo chamber with J. M. Synge, Dylan Thomas and the Beatles.

All this may seem a grotesquely long detour to explain why one young man writes a little book in Joycean punning language. But large-scale cultural shifts are not confined to major artists and sensitive critics. The reasons why Mr. Lennon imitates Joyce are, in the end, the same reasons that made Pasternak break with traditional form in writing *Dr. Zhivago*. The life-history of Yuri Zhivago is told in a manner as far removed as possible from the old linear narrative form which progressed from one event to the next against a tidily arranged "background." Quite apart from the fact that the story itself lurches from one coincidence to another, there is no separable "foreground" or "background." Everything that happens – the death of a man, an idea occurring to a philosopher or a line of verse to a poet, a storm, the birth of a child, an outbreak of street fighting, an evening party at which people make speeches – seems to occur on the same level of significance and at the same closeness to the camera-eye. The effect is electrifying simply because it reveals how false the idiom of the novel, with its tidiness and predictability, had become. Not that Pasternak necessarily has to use revolutionary techniques to convey this. Some of his techniques are revivals of older ones; for example, the Dickensian way of giving human characteristics to inanimate things so as to enroll them as characters. At one point, Yuri says to Lara, "Mother Russia is on the move, she can't stand still, she's restless and she can't find rest, she's talking and she can't stop. And it isn't as if only people were talking. Stars and trees meet and converse, flowers talk philosophy at night, stone houses hold meetings." It would be a mistake to dismiss this as a literary man's fancifulness. At a time of great upheaval, nothing remains unaltered: landscape, objects, plants, even the weather, partake of the change inasmuch as they strike the perceiving eye in a different way. Joyce would have understood perfectly how it is that stone houses one has known all one's life suddenly begin, at such times to "hold meetings." Their grouping takes on significance, and they suddenly appear to have a relationship with one another. Modern cinema techniques have exploited this awareness to the point of cliché, but in the novel its use is still unexpected. (The French *nouveau roman* has tried to obliterate the conventional distinction between foreground and background, but in so clumsy and unimaginative a way as to obfuscate the whole subject and put the clock back ten years.)

John Lennon (yes, him again) has, in an interview, denied any knowledge of James Joyce, at any rate when he began using the punning method. This does not surprise me; in fact, it is what I would have expected. The language

Change

"This year she has changed greatly" – meaning you –
My sanguine friends agree,
And hope thereby to reassure me.

No, child, you never change; neither do I.
Indeed all our lives long
We are still fated to do wrong,

Too fast caught by care of humankind,
Easily vexed and grieved,
Foolishly flattered and deceived;

And yet each knows that the changeless other
Must love and pardon still,
Be the new error what it will:

Assured by that same glint of deathlessness
Which neither can surprise
In any other pair of eyes.

Robert Graves

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of *Finnegans Wake* liberated many things in the 20th-Century consciousness that needed to be liberated. Almost at once the method was taken over by the literary intelligentsia for lighter purposes – one recalls, for instance, Edmund Wilson's brilliant fable of the "three limperary cripples" in *Notebooks of Night;* from there, it widened to a generally more tactile and multidimensional use of language. The vogue of Lallans among Scotch poets, for instance, was largely the product of a wish to exploit the semantic gap between Scotch words and the English words they suggested, and thus obtain a multidimensional effect. By refusing to stick to one region or one period of history, but culling their vocabulary from any source – Highland, Lowland, mediaeval, modern, formal, colloquial – the Lallans poets hoped to gain the freedom to move in any direction, to provide Scotch English with a richness it had never in fact possessed at any one time. (Whether they achieved this object in any poem one could point to, I must leave to better qualified judges to decide.) Only one thing is clear, over the whole spectrum: The formal, controlled use of language that resulted from the 19th Century's drive towards logic, systematization and the shading out of ambiguities, has been decisively rejected.

This universal literary movement has now, finally, broken the levees and overflowed into the territory where literature cannot follow. *Finnegans Wake* is now merged, in the sensibility of the age, with the TV scripts and the ads. After an exposure to Lennon, the present-day adolescent will be able to take Joyce in comic-strip form. And this is another major tendency of the present time. The 1960's are witnessing a gigantic scrambling of cultural levels. Whereas even twenty years ago there was a culture for the few that was recognizably apart from the culture of the many, we have now reached a point where popular and nonpopular forms have flowed together in a huge morass, whether fertile or poisonous remains to be seen. James Joyce, who considered himself a man of the people, a life-long socialist and iconoclast, also knew that as an artist he was aristocratic. But in the world that has produced pop-art, cool jazz, goon humor, Kama Sutra sculpture welded out of junk, the Brecht vogue and the Beatles' MBE, no one cares to say any longer where one category ends and another begins. It has finally happened. The offensive launched fifty years ago by the first wave of "modern" artists has succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams.

In this world, any statement can be made interesting by putting it into the appropriate idiom, as a can of Campbell's soup takes on significance inside a picture-frame. So we can imagine Mr. Lennon's youthful readers hanging entranced on his words as he tells them:

> "Azue orl gnome, Harrassed Wilsod won the General Erection, with a very small majorie over the Torchies. Thus pudding the Laboring Partly back into powell after a large abcess. This he could not have done withoutspan the barking of thee Trade Onions."

Like a pop artist or anyone else who communicates largely through style, he need have nothing personal to communicate. The language is doing the talking, delightedly revealing its own potentialities to a youthful mass audience which has, so far, responded to nothing in written form. Mr. Lennon, coasting downhill with this huge gravitational pull, need provide nothing in the way of content except his automatic youthful irreverence. If, one day, he should decide to try to communicate something, we shall see whether he has any gifts apart from the ability to thumb a lift from the *Zeitgeist.* At the moment, there's no means of telling.

The Machiavelli of the New Deal

by Joseph Featherstone

Thurman Arnold has been a small town lawyer, mayor of Laramie, Wyoming, a professor at Yale Law School, Assistant Attorney General under Roosevelt, and – very briefly, for the judicial role is not to his liking – a federal judge. Now he is the founding partner of the celebrated Washington firm, Arnold, Fortas and Porter. *Fair Fights and Foul* is a thoroughly charming book; it contains scattered articles and lectures, some reminiscences, and a hilarious brief he wrote in a pornography case. (The brief alone is worth the price of admission.) There are also some fascinating chapters on some cases in the McCarthy period, notably the disgraceful smear of Owen Lattimore, and an account of Arnold's efforts with Robert Frost to free Ezra Pound.

Fair Fights and Foul
a Dissenting Lawyer's Life
by Thurman Arnold
(Harcourt, Brace, and World; $5.95)

It should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with his two brilliant studies, *The Symbols of Government* (1935) and *The Folklore of Capitalism* (1937), that Arnold favors the liberal economic ideas of Leon Keyserling; or that he speaks in triumphant tones about the domestic era of Kennedy and Johnson. For in truth, he is becoming a prophet in his own time, a prophet to whom much honor is due. His two previous books were the first really searching critique of the ritualistic moralism and legalism of the American political tradition. The New Deal produced no other thinker of his stature, and since the New Deal has so decisively shaped our politics, he is the theorist of our pragmatic political age. Its strengths and some of its weaknesses are reflected in his thought.

Arnold is, above all, a debunker. He arrived at his iconoclastic anti-philosophy through certain specific experiences. After graduating from Harvard Law School and serving in the First World War, he practiced law and dabbled in politics in Laramie, Wyoming. During the twenties, ranchers and businessmen in small Western towns were being reduced to a state of humiliating economic subjection, and by the time Arnold left Laramie, he had a vivid picture of how a kind of mythology prevented these men from understanding the vast economic forces that were ruining them. The ranchers and businessmen tried hard to live up to

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the ancient economic virtues: but their thrift, their character, and their individualism were of no use in a world of administered prices and giant, nationwide corporations. The Depression confirmed the lesson of Laramie. Nothing hurt people as much as outworn ideas. While teaching at Yale Law School, Arnold sat as a trial examiner for the Protective Study Committee of the Securities and Exchange Commission, which was engaged in piecing together the shattered world of American finance the way engineers look at bits of wreckage to figure out what made an airplane explode. *The Folklore of Capitalism* was the result of what he heard and saw in the hearings, an attempt to explain why the conventional wisdom of the businessmen, economists, and lawyers of the day had failed so catastrophically to understand American society.

What Arnold tried to achieve, watching the uneasy stockbrokers and bankers, was something of the outlook of a kindly anthropologist studying a harassed group of Fiji Islanders. In fact, he did something that few anthropologists would have the nerve to risk: He described the changing folklore of a complex modern society. As circumstances altered, Americans struggled to redefine deeply held beliefs in individualism and the ideal economic order of classical liberalism. There was a ceremonial significance to the anguished hesitations of the Supreme Court in the thirties. It was the institution that enshrined established values; if it could not come to terms with the new economic and political order, the result was likely to be disaster.

Some of Arnold's approach to ideas and economic change could be seen in the work of earlier thinkers, particularly Thorstein Veblen. To Veblen, institutions and ideas derived from a culture's technology; thus *laissez faire* thought reflected the small factories of the early 19th Century. But ideas persisted long after the technologies that created them had vanished. The patterns of economic life that gave birth to *laissez faire* ideas no longer existed, yet it was these ideas that still dominated people's minds in the age of great trusts and holding companies. The dead past weighed down the living present. Veblen always hated the lively phantoms of the past because they were irrational. His ideal man was the rational, productive engineer or scientist, and he had nothing but scorn for the purely ritualistic or the merely ceremonial. Arnold agreed with much of Veblen's diagnosis, but he added the sensible observation that irrationality often serves social purposes, that men live by ideals and dreams, and not logic, and that the ceremonies of law and business are often necessary if the institutions of law and business are to retain men's allegiances. He urged a point of view that regarded institutions as living organisms, similar to human personalities, molded by habit, shaken by emotional conflicts, "never quite understanding themselves or the part they are actually playing, because of the necessary illusions with which they must surround themselves to preserve their prestige and their self-re-

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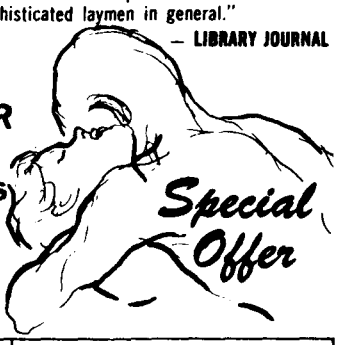

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spect." So although Arnold believed that the old ideals had to go, he never thought it possible or even desirable to eliminate the irrational from public life. He simply wanted to alter the folklore of American capitalism to the point where it could accept the kind of practical, humane government needed by an industrial society without a lot of guilty feeling that the country was living in economic sin.

It's sad to realize that the recent, dreary Presidential campaign was, apart from civil rights, largely a referendum on the issues discussed thirty years ago in *The Folklore of Capitalism*. One forgets just how rancid the smarmy theology of the Goldwater enthusiasts is, how many years these people – and many others more intellectually respectable – have been casting their half-baked bread upon the waters. Page through *The Folklore of Capitalism*, and you will come across the stuff of enduring controversies, pickled forever in the brine of Arnold's wit. There was the conservative rhetoric by which practical issues were raised to exalted realms of constitutional and metaphysical discourse, filling listeners with irrelevant terror. The Constitution, which once inspired men like John Marshall and gave them hope, now only made people fearful. It seemed impossible ever to discuss any issue on its merits. Instead everyone had to speculate about what it would lead to in the long run. (In the long run, Keynes used to say, we are all dead.) Thus when the WPA was proposed, critics recited the parable of the wild Russian, talking about Communism when the issue was jobs. Another version of the argument about the long run was the appeal in the name of posterity: If soil was conserved, useful public works built, and available labor given jobs, posterity would mysteriously suffer.

Arnold debunked these absurd ideas in the heads of respectable people. Like H. L. Mencken assaulting the booboisie, he aimed at the solid citizens with intellectual pretensions, the sort of humane people who were the backbone of Progressive reform. His satires on the "thinking man," the hero of Progressive politics who believed all the tidy little pictures of the lawyers and economists, were meant to show that irrational institutions, not abstract principles, controlled society. He ridiculed law, not because he disbelieved in law – he speaks movingly in his autobiography of the inroads on law in the McCarthy period – but because legal quibbling had become the bane of American reform; because law was a fetish. Like most great debunkers, he seemed to attack all morality, but he was really only concerned to destroy any morality that thought people should starve on principle. He assaulted the persistent 19th Century notion that economic life was an arena for expressing character; the moralism that was the position, not only of the defenders of the *status quo*, but also of most of the great reformers like Wilson and Brandeis. He thus represents the New Deal's break with at least one portion of the reform traditions: He thought about economics simply in terms of getting results. Arnold wished to change the traditional American attitude towards government, arguing that big business was not a radically different type of social organization from government. It seemed to him that similar standards could be applied to both. It was strange that a huge corporate government, ruling the lives of thousands of people, could build something and call it an asset, whereas the United States government had to call the dams and roads it built burdens on posterity. And with his gift of laughter, he sought to rid American minds of the vicious cant that prevented people from taking any rational steps to pull themselves out of the Depression: to weaken the legal mythology that spoke of corporate organizations as though they were rugged private individuals; and the verbal witchcraft that turned the Declaration of Independence into a symbol by which enormous industrial armies lived and flourished.

Both his books mirrored a general consciousness of the time that words like "supply and demand," "individualism," and "free enterprise," could tyrannize people's minds; and a general recognition that the man on the street (including all the bankers on the streets) was not the rational, ideal Economic Man of classical economics. Americans, starving in the midst of plenty, were victimized by phrases. They resembled Aristotle, denying the existence of the mule because it was neither an ass nor a horse. In Vienna, Wittgenstein and other philosophers were debunking the official languages. And Freud had made Arnold's point about the moralism of Progressive political thought when he suggested that moral ideals can sometimes become the problem of life, rather than a basis for solving life's problems. Arnold was a connoisseur of the irrational, but he never shared Freud's despair of politics. Freud argued that the individual sinks into irrationality under the pressures of group life, and, looking at events in Europe, he concluded that all politics was a kind of permanent psychosis, with erotic crowds swaying to the words of leaders. As a debunker, though, Arnold stopped far short of Freud. Politics mattered to him, and the irrational was simply something that a democratic leader had to take into account. No statesman could afford to ignore the ceremonial and the symbolic.

Arnold's ideas were brilliant, but he was read because of his style. By 1941, the more theoretical *Symbols of Government* had gone through five printings, while the *Folklore of Capitalism* had run through 14. Especially in the second book, Arnold was trying to think about politics and government the way the great humorists and satirists have thought about them; to make truths that we dimly perceive in moments of laughter practical guides to our politics. There were a variety of comic masks in his writing, echoes of Mark Twain and Mencken. Some passages read like Twain's dramatic monologues. There was the same forthright conversational style, and the same deceptive air of a provincial trying to make sense out of a terribly sophisticated set of ideas. The humor was deadpan. Here was a simple man gravely repeating the dogmas of legalistic capitalism, seeming to take each new ridiculous twist of the argument seriously, until the whole spun web of grotesque reasoning began to alarm the reader. It was like a tall tale that grew taller and taller without toppling over. He had a trick of repeating all the catch phrases of conservative thought in a tone that made them seem especially repellent, inhuman, and unreal.

When he wanted to explain the process of ritualistic redefinition that goes on when a new social need conflicts with established beliefs, he chose the

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parable of the ducks and the horses. Assume, he suggested, that a pressing need requires that ducks be treated, for tax purposes, as horses. Scholarly lawyers will redefine the real nature of ducks and horses, so that ducks come to seem essentially horse-like.

> "Revenue begins to flow in again. [But] ordinary men feel a conflict, because deep down in their hearts they feel there is something wrong somewhere. This conflict makes them celebrate the truth of the [new] definition by ceremony. If the conflict is a minor one, a procession once a year in which ducks are led around with halters and equipped with little saddles will be sufficient. However, if the conflict is sufficiently keen, we shall find farmers all over the country forced to feed ducks on baled hay. Ducks will not die because of this, however. They will actually be kept alive by low-class politicians sneaking into the barn at night and giving them the proper food."

In his marvelous chapters on the ritual of corporate reorganization ("In which is explained the doctrine of vicarious atonement through which the debts of an industrial organization are forgiven.") he drew his financiers as peculiarly unworldly comic characters. It appeared that they were mainly motivated by a childlike love of ceremony and parade. The satire was more gentle than Mencken's brutal bludgeonings. There were few villains in *The Folklore of Capitalism*, just a lot of amiable fools. It was all a gorgeous farce, and Arnold occasionally let his humor get the better of his realism: It may be true, as he said, that people sometimes act contrary to their own interests "out of pure mystical idealism," but they are often capable of looking out for their interests with ruthless skill. The Marxists were not impressed by Thurman Arnold.

Mencken's more serious studies of the American language also influenced him. Mencken was never interested in the correct use of words, or the abstract rules of the grammarians and the "gogues." He treated language as a living thing, tracing in its changing patterns the conflicts and desires of a people seeking new ways to express new experiences. The *sub rosa* speech of racetrack touts and gangsters told truths that polite speech avoided. Instead of correcting slang, Mencken tried to see what function it served. Arnold saw a parallel with the genteel world of law and economics and disreputable institutions like political machines. Rather than condemning the corrupt machine, he asked why it had come into existence. The answer was that Americans had hedged their government about with so many taboos that it couldn't operate effectively. 19th Century notions of government did not permit public authorities to provide necessary services to poor people and immigrants. So the machine, a private government, took over, and private brokers of political power, the bosses, got things done. Arnold never idealized the machines, as some writers do today now that their era is passing; he simply suggested that they were nearly inevitable in a society where decent people were morally revolted by government action. In Prohibition, vice crusades, American attitudes towards gambling and narcotics, there were many variations on this theme: moralizers failing to trace the consequences of the righteous principles they had espoused.

But the most important, and most influential, example of moral ritual in the *Folklore of Capitalism* was the rallying cry of Progressive reform, the anti-trust laws. Here Arnold touched on one of the central concerns of American reform. In the latter part of the 19th Century, people had confidently identified the idea of the sanctity of the individual with the economic process itself. But as the march of progress continued, and it grew clear that more opportunity for Commodore Vanderbilt meant less for everybody else, matters became uncertain. In a sense, the conflict was impossible to resolve: No one really wanted to disband the great industrial combines, and yet their very existence violated people's cherished beliefs in individualism and equal opportunity. Arnold maintained, in a brilliant line of argument which the historian Richard Hofstadter has developed further, that trust-busting of the old-fashioned Progressive variety was a social ritual that permitted huge industries to develop without violating the moral principles enshrined in the

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ideal of a competitive economic order. The effect of anti-trust rhetoric over the years was "to promote the growth of great industrial organizations by deflecting the attack on them into purely moral and ceremonial channels." Thus Arnold said, at his Menckenesque best, "the anti-trust laws became popular moral gestures and their economic meaninglessness never quite penetrated the thick priestly incense which hung over the nation like a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day." Outraged Progressives seldom read further than this. If they had, they would have discovered that Arnold was not completely ignoring the benefit of anti-trust laws. Such legislation, he conceded, encouraged the idea that great corporations could be responsible to the public; this made them strive for respectability.

Trust-busting was a ceremony, but a theorist more interested in power than Arnold would add that this particular ceremony made very clear to all groups in society where power would lie if there ever were a showdown between business and government. Theodore Roosevelt said as much about the Hepburn Act regulating railroads: It was a symbol that the American economy would in the future always be subject to the public will. Anti-trust was important in the harsh days of feudalistic capitalism because no one at the time could have predicted what has in fact happened: The character of business leadership has changed. It was not clear then, as it is now, that a new type of businessman was taking over the positions once occupied by the buccaneers, a type committed to steady, moderate profits and rationalization of industry; and attentive to public opinion.

Knowing Arnold's skepticism about anti-trust, some people were astonished when in 1938 Roosevelt appointed him Assistant Attorney-General in charge of the anti-trust division of the Justice Department. It looked like just the sort of joke about a serious matter that made many suspicious of Roosevelt. By all accounts, Arnold did a splendid job. He tried to avoid the older moral and legal questions – whether a corporation intended to restrain trade – and used the laws as a weapon to advance the interests of the consumer. He discusses his trust-busting career in *Fair Fights and Foul*. But I wish he would spell out his ideas on the role of the anti-trust laws today. Clearly he still feels they are invaluable in controlling the activities and checking the power of large corporations. But it would be interesting to know what a man of his experience thinks of John Kenneth Galbraith's *American Capitalism* (1952) where a liberal economist seems to discount the importance of anti-trust legislation.

The strength of Thurman Arnold's political thought has always been its massive common sense. He has taught us that institutions – of business or government – should be judged, not only by their ability to get things done, but also by their capacity to resolve conflict and satisfy men spiritually. People can reason, but they are not consistently rational, and partly their world is held together by dreams. To the reformer, he has imparted an attitude that is easier for the unscrupulous to hold than the scrupulous: for he has shown the value of ceremonies and symbolic victories, and that is a dangerous kind of knowledge. The first task in any reform is to give the innovation a respectable place in society's folklore. But in a time like our own, when the folklore is still divided and uncertain, Thurman Arnold's attitude toward politics seems essentially manipulative; when the public's ideas have not caught up with the changes in society, few democratic politicians feel they can afford the luxury of doing what Adlai Stevenson did, talking sense to the American people. In an unfortunate phrase, Arnold once suggested that democratic leaders adopt some of the attitude towards the public that a psychiatrist takes towards his patients. It was unfortunate because Arnold never has been one of those elitists like Harold Lasswell, whose ideal Republic is run by teams of kindly psychoanalysts. Arnold's humor has always been at the expense of the elites, the mandarins and the priesthoods who fancy that their lore really is a science of society. He is a democrat and would probably agree with Gandhi, who once said the thing he feared most was the hardness of heart of the educated.

As a political theorist, this philosopher against philosophies gives us no guide to the age of manipulated images he has introduced us to. When he says men live by myths, he leaves open the question of standards by which one myth is judged better than another. And his characteristic New Deal emphasis on leadership seems a simple reversal of the errors of 19th-Century reform. Reformers used to be skeptical about men and sentimental about institutions; they wanted, in a famous lofty phrase, a government of laws, not men. Arnold is skeptical about institutions and a bit of a sentimentalist when it comes to leaders. He was the Machiavelli of the New Deal, and like his Prince, FDR, he has a flippant, genial confidence in the ability of shrewd, humane politicians to muddle through.

For underlying his skepticism has always been a powerful faith in this country. Thirty years ago, he believed that American business and technology could provide for the needs of everyone if only certain manacles forged in people's minds could be snapped. He still believes that today. His books in the middle of the Depression were signs of adaptability and irrepressible life, and his laughter was needed to bring confidence to a great and uneasy people. How good it is to see that Thurman Arnold is still fighting, and that his wit has lost none of its ginger.

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Since Hiroshima

by Alex Campbell

If Lansing Lamont's way of telling the story of the atomic bomb is vulgar, so was the affair. What could be cruder than the telegram that George L. Harrison, president of the New York Life Insurance Company and special consultant to Secretary of War Henry Stimson, sent his boss? It read: "Doctor has just returned most enthusiastic and confident that the Little Boy is as husky as his big brother. The light in his eyes discernible from here to Highhold and I could have heard his screams from here to my farm." The Little Boy was the Hiroshima bomb which was to wipe out 78,000 men, women and children in a few seconds. Its big brother was the New Mexico bomb, which Robert Oppenheimer christened "Trinity" because, when he was phoned the news that the New Mexico site for the world's first atomic explosion had been approved, he happened to be reading a religious sonnet by John Donne which begins: "Batter my heart, three-person'd God. . . ." You really couldn't get much more vulgar than that. So perhaps it's inevitable that in Mr. Lamont's treatment we have to endure the "mating buzz of spadefoot toads" before we get to the big bang; the bomb is "a bloated black squid" and the countdown actually begins "2,400 years earlier with the Golden Age of Greece." But was it really necessary to call Niels Bohr "the great Dane"? None of this means Lamont's book isn't exciting or that you won't read it – it is and you will.

Day of Trinity
by Lansing Lamont
(Atheneum; $6.95)
Atomic Diplomacy
by Gar Alperovitz
(Simon and Schuster; $7.50)
Struggle for the World
by Desmond Donnelly
(St. Martin's; $7.95)
After 20 Years
by Richard J. Barnet and
Marcus G. Raskin
(Random House; $5.95)

The fall guys of the great experiment were – in addition to the Japanese – the scientists, such idealists as may have existed among American politicians, and the Russians who, however, managed to double-cross their would-be double-crossers. The military found the scientists "impertinent." The mugs on the American delegation to the birth of the United Nations at San Francisco 20 years ago weren't told a word about the bomb. The Russians weren't supposed to know either, but did through the spy Klaus Fuchs.

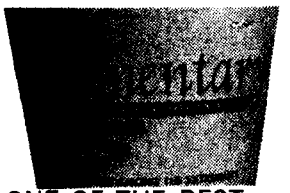
When the bomb got made the decision had to be taken whether to use it on the Japanese – the Germans for whom it was originally intended having surrendered. Among the scientists, Dr. James Franck, Leo Szilard and Glenn Seaborg urged on Robert Oppenheimer and Enrico Fermi that the bomb should not be used on people but should be exploded over a barren island watched by UN representatives. According to Lamont, Oppenheimer's and Fermi's "nightmare" wasn't about using the bomb on people, it was that the damned thing might fail to go off. The politicians decided to use it on the Japanese partly to bypass casualties from an invasion of Japan, partly to avoid paying Stalin's price for helping with Japan. Stalin wanted all Manchuria, Korea and possibly part of North China, according to Herbert Feis, whose 1961 book *Japan Subdued* is still the best account.

After the bang, Oppenheimer was disgraced for opposing the making of a new, super, hydrogen bomb. Fermi was denounced by the Vatican, and by his sister who recommended him to God's judgment. Harry Daghlian and Louis Slotin died in agony from radioactive accidents. The scientists had begun to pay for what they had done, a bit before the rest of us.

Gar Alperovitz thinks the bomb immediately toughened American policy. He says that Truman's shift to a tough policy was determined by the "entirely new feeling of confidence" that Truman told Stimson he got from possession of the atomic weapon. Stimson himself thought that the problem of satisfactory US relations with Russia was dominated by the problem of the bomb, and General Eisenhower hinted that postwar Soviet policy derived from the Russians being frightened and insecure. Alperovitz isn't sure how far the latter is true, but concludes that the atomic bomb was *not* needed to end the war or save lives, as Truman insisted. He tells how Eisenhower in mid-1945 told Stimson he was against the bomb's use "on two counts. First, the Japanese were ready to surrender and it wasn't necessary to hit them with that awful thing. Second, I hated to see our country be the first to use such a weapon."

Alperovitz, who is seven years younger that Lamont, who is 35, is pretty tough on Truman, recalling that

FOR LIVELY MINDS



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"when Roosevelt was begging for support for Lend-Lease aid to the Russians in 1941, then Senator Truman was suggesting: 'If we see that Germany is winning the war we ought to help Russia and if Russia is winning we ought to help Germany and that way kill as many as possible . . .!' " Yes, but this was precisely the reasoning of Stalin in signing the Nazi-Soviet pact: let the fascists and the capitalists exterminate each other. The point, for Truman, Stalin or whoever, is that sheer toughness rarely pays the dividends expected of it, whereas genuine statesmanship often does. Secretary of State Byrnes, the politician who scorned the scientists, thought that "possessing and demonstrating the bomb would make Russia more manageable in Europe," and was wrong, as Stimson finally perceived.

Toughness has been a drug on the market and statesmanship in short supply for at least half a century, as the British Labour MP Desmond Donnelly entertainingly demonstrates in a long book that is often a rollicking account, even when it is dealing with horrors, which it usually is. Voltaire might have written it. The story is familiar, but is well worth telling again as a tragic strip of human folly from 1917 to 1965.

We see Hitler eagerly offering Poland a bit of Russia at the same time as he offers Russia a bit of Poland, then being burned in his Bunker after 12 years of crazed power. When his hordes overrun the Ukraine, chunks of the Red Army surrender more or less joyfully until German brutalities turn everyone anti-German if not pro-Stalin. Roughly the same thing happens in reverse, when Stalin's hordes overrun Eastern Europe. All this is accompanied by frantic lies and fantastic diplomacy: I hadn't realized before how many hapless functionaries, including ambassadors, Hitler and Stalin managed to hang or assassinate between them.

The Allies leave Stalin in possession of most of the capitals of Europe at the end of the war, because Eisenhower thinks there is a German National Redoubt that Hitler will defend. This turns out to be as much a myth as the West's "missile gap" 15 years later. Acheson ponders rolling back the Red tide, and Stalin sees a "rebirth of Germany's war potential." Sure enough, West Germany is integrated in NATO. Americans enter Indo-China – only as "advisers," of course, but the Russians fear they may have to fight in Europe and also help the Chinese fight the US in Asia. France is embroiled with Algeria, and gets embroiled with Egypt as do Israel and Britain. All the while, executions, assassinations, torture and deception stay in fashion. The cold war is epitomized by Gromyko dining with Rusk in Washington immediately after having attempted to deceive President Kennedy about Cuba. Unknown to Gromyko, the US National Security Council is meeting in the room directly below, to discuss his attempt at deception which in fact deceived no one. The cold war becomes two cold wars. Chou En-lai goes to Moscow and lays a wreath on Stalin's bier; immediately, the Russians haul away Stalin's body and bury it in an unmarked plot, and the Chinese retaliate by sending "shock brigades" into Russia, who scatter anti-Soviet leaflets from the speeding trans-Siberia express. Political murders and tortures continue, all the way from the Congo to Vietnam.

Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin, co-directors of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D. C., also explore the murder maze, but with an eye to the "alternatives" of their title. They say that the Europeans see the American bomb as the real basis of strategy, and so have been loath to waste money on defense. Even the West Germans have never produced the 12 divisions they promised for mid-1951. But they have put the best foot forward, and been rewarded with weapons ranging from atomic artillery to fighter-bombers able to drop thermonuclear bombs. The Germans are in effect being bribed not to set up in the nuclear business for themselves and also not to make a deal with Russia. But nobody trusts them and there is plenty of evidence that they don't trust themselves. One of the purposes of getting the Germans into NATO was to have a brake on the Germans; now the talk is of allowing them on board a mixed-manned nuclear warship, with the rank of at least vice-admirals. The French, meantime, have started building their own nuclear weapons, have no time for NATO or for the "Anglo-Saxons," and may be thinking of making their own deal with Russia by getting the Yanks out of Europe and keeping the Germans quiet.

The co-authors have plenty of alternatives to offer. Perhaps the most interesting is a disarmament deal in the form of an inspected trade-off. This would start with a 1963 Soviet suggestion for a cut-back in missiles. The US would agree to a considerable reduction of its inter-continental missile lead over Russia if the Russians made *their* chief cut in Soviet missiles aimed at Western Europe. Then the Germans would have no real excuse for acquiring nuclear weapons, and France would become more nearly the equal of Russia in military power, at least in French eyes. The US would still be on top of the heap but couldn't use its nuclear edge over Russia without committing suicide. Mr. Barnet and Mr. Raskin seem to feel that such a US-Soviet agreement is the best first step to persuading the Chinese, and others, not to blow up the world.

They optimistically assume that nuclear weapons are important only as "the preferred currency in international relations, the essential badge of Great Power status." The pessimistic alternative is a possible finding that man is instinctively and incurably a fighting being who now has a suicidal sting.

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The Pied Piper of Davis, California

by Richard Kluger

My confidence in Edgar Z. Friedenberg's acuity as a social observer was damaged by a few of the asides in his previous book, *The Vanishing Adolescent*. He subscribed without reservation, for example, to the view of British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer that rock 'n' roll is "the least sexual type of social dancing which Europe [or America] has seen in the last couple of centuries. Instead of a stylization of courtship, there is practically no physical contact nor opportunity for conversation." Right, nothing stylized about it – just pelvises blatantly pulsing to jungle rhythms. And certainly it is not tactile – it is merely vertical foreplay. I should say rock 'n' roll – particularly the post-Twist strains like the Frug – is the most seductive form of social dancing ever countenanced by Western civilization with the lights on. Maybe they do it differently in Davis, California, where Professor Friedenberg teaches; I have no notion where Professor Gorer conducted *his* field studies.

Coming of Age in America
by Edgar Z. Friedenberg
(Random House; $5.95)

Such cavils aside, there was much of value in *The Vanishing Adolescent*. It was a passionate argument against the way we muzzle our young people, hammer down the most spirited of them and drill them lock-step in the values of expediency during just those years when they should be friskiest; as a result, wrote Friedenberg (and he makes this the central point of his new book as well), we guarantee a homogenized younger generation that, thanks to adult overseering, punishes diversity and dissent and narrows the potential dimensions of our national life. The message came through loud and clear – and more convincingly, more closely reasoned certainly, than the same message in Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*. And he offered a thesis to support his diagnosis that, on first hearing, sounds like real insight:

"We conceive our country as having achieved a position of leadership and dominance by carefully subordinating personal and ethnic disparity to the interests of teamwork in a colossal technical and administrative enterprise. For us, conformity is a moral mandate."

On the strength of his earlier book, Friedenberg was heralded as something of a Pied Piper who would liberate our emotionally shackled young and lead them out of the land of *Angst* up into the high, clear, unrepressed air of Fulfillment. In *Coming of Age in America*, he is piping the same tune. But the longer and more closely one listens to it, the less appealing it becomes.

The new book is subtitled *"Growth and Acquiescence"*; the latter word is the principal theme. The bane of our social equilibrium is what Friedenberg calls "subjectivity" – that is, "people with an excessively personal style or approach to situations, who threaten or antagonize their co-workers, fellow citizens, and indeed, in extreme cases, society itself." An important function of our schools is to protect the adjusted mass of us from these "subjective" troublemakers. The pupils Friedenberg interviewed "do firmly and sincerely believe that people should cooperate with their immediate social order. . . . They are genuinely suspicious of, and hostile to, people who insist on their own privacy and dignity against group demands." His tone here is clearly disapproving. Yet these findings must surely qualify as the least startling news of the year. They would apply, I should think, not only to adolescents but to any other social category he chose to study; and they would apply as well to Samoa or Carthage as to America in the 20th Century.

To be valuable, a social critic need not be a pathfinder. But he should show us something we may not have noticed before, should synthesize familiar materials in a way that makes us re-think our values. Friedenberg's weakness, it seems to me, is precisely here; he convinces us that his analysis of adolescent value patterns is essentially correct, but he does not convince us that he understands why they prevail. It is not enough to hark back to his theme of conformity as "a moral mandate" in the earlier book, for while there is some truth in the notion that America has won its "position of leadership and dominance by carefully subordinating personal and ethnic disparity to the interests of teamwork," there is a countervailing and hardly less valid argument that we got where we are because enough intrepid and enterprising souls dared to dream hugely, work tirelessly and live dangerously. "Rugged individualism" was once part of our folklore. The pertinent question here is what has happened to that radiant credo. It is a question begged by this book.

Certainly he does not convince me, as I think he means to, that the principal culprit in the evanescence of individualism is the American system of compulsory education, its misguided administrators and its badly educated teachers "with minds of really crushing banality." Their crime is what they do to "subjective" youngsters – the kind of kids, says Friedenberg, who "want to discover who they are" while "the school wants to help them 'make something out of themselves!' They want to know where they are; the school wants to help them get somewhere. They want to learn how to live with themselves; the school wants to teach them how to get along with others. They want to learn how to tell what is right for them; the school wants to teach them to give the responses that will earn them rewards in the classroom and in social situations." The implication plainly is that these ends are in conflict, that the conflict is ruinous, and that the purposes he ascribes to the school are inappropriate. Yet these public values war with the private impulses in each of us – during our school years as before and after them – and we live out our lives trying to reconcile them. Friedenberg has described nothing more or less sinister than the collision of id and superego at the foundation of Freudian thought. The schools are no more culpable as an enforcer of acquiescence than any other institution in our society, *Coming of Age* in America notwithstanding.

Professor Friedenberg's field work for

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the new book makes interesting reading – he describes a hypothetical situation to 246 high school students and asks them to rate possible responses to it – but it advances him, and us, no further than his conclusions in *The Vanishing Adolescent*. In "The King's Visit," for example (and this is the most important of the value-measuring situations), the students are told that "the King of a country not unlike Denmark . . . with a notable interest in spirited young people" is coming to their state and would like to meet "some interesting and representative high school students." Friedenberg offers his subjects a choice among nine fictional classmates and asks them to rank the group in order of suitability to meet the King. The hands-down winner for the honor is Karen Clarke, who "will be giving the valedictory at graduation for this year's class. As she should," said the description of her. "Always well groomed and polite, she is completely in command of herself in any situation. She is the perfect model of what a high school student ought to be. . . ."

Friedenberg wants us to share his distress that some of the other candidates – more creative and more fun, possibly, than Karen, if less exemplary – were not more highly rated. He says, "nearly all the students said in their interviews that the important thing was to pick somebody who would 'make a good impression on the King.' From the outset, they defined the situation as a . . . problem in the establishment of good public relations. But the story makes it clear that the visit is *not* a public relations gimmick, or a pseudo-event planned by the King's hosts. The King himself originated the suggestion, and is known to prefer 'spirited' young people. . . ." I think the pupils who provided Friedenberg with his results show far more savvy than he does. Why *should* they view the King's trip as anything more than a public relations gambit when that is the traditional purpose of such visits. Why *should* the students be drawn especially to that word "spirited" in Friedenberg's 150-word fictional narrative? And what reason is there for them to think Karen Clarke is not "spirited" when, by Friedenberg's own loaded characterization, she is "the very model of what a high school student ought to be"? It is a bit much to ask his guinea pigs to detect the irony, if that's what it was.

Clearly, Friedenberg is one of the Good Guys, but the terrain he cultivates throughout this book is very soggy. He passionately hopes, for example, that the Negro will not consent to be homogenized as part of our spiceless, suburban middle class, for the Negroes are a "people whose moral vision has been . . . preserved and sharpened by exclusion from opportunities for self-betrayal as well as self-advancement." The notion that cultural deprivation inspires loftier moral vision may be acceptable as theology, but as pertinent social criticism it is, to say the least, highly arguable.

Psychiatry and Anti-psychiatry

by Zelda Teplitz, M.D.

Psychiatric books for the general public remind me of Santayana's description of love. They may be penetrating, but they tend to penetrate to possibilities rather than to facts. Except for works designed for the professional working in that field, that is, textbooks, reference works, surveys, most of the large number of books dealing with mental health or with psychotherapy tend to be messianic, inspirational, occasionally accusatory, and nearly always very personal in tone.

The Ethics of Psychoanalysis
by Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.
(Basic Books, $5.50)

Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts themselves have been studied by the largest professional organizations in the field, the American Psychiatric Association in 1951, and the American Psychoanalytic Association in 1960, and the studies are continuing. But the public too is concerned about physicians and others who deal with the mentally ill. The public wishes to make sure it is getting the best type of treatment. As the military procurement people put it, they want "a bigger bang for a buck."

Although the term psychiatrist is used only for physicians, the term psychoanalyst has been applied by the public to practitioners both medical and nonmedical with a very wide range of training in quantity and quality. All regular members of the American Psychoanalytic Association are physicians, except for a very few. Some very well trained non-physicians who have made serious research and other contributions within the framework of the Association are special members. High standards of training at the doctoral level are required along with psychoanalytic training including a personal analysis.

The new book by Dr. Thomas S. Szasz deals with this field. The title is *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis: The Theory and Method of Autonomous Psychotherapy*. It is certain to be

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controversial. In it Szasz states he will "attempt to define the nature of psychoanalysis; clarify its limits; and establish its proper relations to other forms of psychotherapy, medicine, ethics, and social science. . . . In mid-20th-Century America, welfare has displaced liberty. . . . The question is: Do we want to, can we, rekindle the flickering flame of individualism?" This may sound familiar to readers of this journal.

The name of Szasz has appeared more and more before the public in books such as *The Myth of Mental Illness* in 1961, *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* in 1963, and in the psychiatric and welfare journals. An article which Szasz contributed to *The National Review* in 1963 had the interesting title "Psychiatry's Threat to Civil Liberties" and was picked up by some of the politically conservative groups. Although Szasz was accepted as a member by the American Psychoanalytic Association in 1952, and is still listed in their directory, his published statements have been diverging more and more from basic and generally accepted practices in that organization. He is also a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association.

Now 45, Thomas Szasz, who was born in Hungary, came to the US in 1938 and graduated from medical school in 1944 in Cincinnati, and then took his psychiatric and psychoanalytic training at the University of Chicago and the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis where he served as staff member for several years. A two-year period with the Navy Reserve in Bethesda just outside Washington was followed by a move to Syracuse in 1956 where he serves as professor of psychiatry in the medical school and also is in private practice of psychiatry and psychoanalysis.

Since leaving Chicago, however, his professional concerns and activities seem to have changed. His early contributions to the professional literature were mainly on psychosomatic illness and of interest to the specialist. His first book, published in 1957, was *Pain and Pleasure: A Study of Bodily Feelings.* In 1961 *The Myth of Mental Illness: Foundations of a Theory of Personal Conduct* evoked much discussion by a wide range of readers in various fields. In 1963, *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* was described on the dust jacket by the publisher as "a shocking report by a prominent psychiatrist and psychoanalyst on the threat to American constitutional freedoms posed by widespread mental health practices." In chapter 18 of that provocative book he states:

> ". . . We have, in our day, witnessed the birth of the Therapeutic State. This is perhaps the major implication of psychiatry as an institution of social control. Accordingly, in this chapter I shall discuss the setting up of the state as a therapeutic instrument."

His evident concerns with authority and with controls since his Navy stint make me curious. I note that his book on *Pain and Pleasure* appeared the year following and probably was written at least partially while in the Navy.

I have the impression he has some of the qualities of Nixon, both good and bad, the "instinct for the jugular," the opportunism and the contentiousness. He also suggests Goldwater in his stubbornness and his messianic emphasis on individual liberty. However, the excellence of his training and background, and his early contributions and promise have gained him a wide audience, and he is beginning to be taken up by some of the groups outside the mainstream of the professional field. But unlike either Nixon or Goldwater, he has received very little recognition as "standard-bearer" from his peers and colleagues. In May, 1964, numerous formal and informal presentations to the American Psychiatric Association took sharp issue with him. (These are published in *The American Journal of Psychiatry,* January, 1965.) "The Review of Psychiatric Progress in 1964" in the same journal did not mention him in the articles dealing with social, community or with forensic psychiatry. Indeed, some of the professional journals to which he has contributed in the past have not as yet reviewed the 1963 book.

In the current book he offers sharp criticism of some aspects of psychoanalytic training. However, he offers little as alternative. What he would substitute for one of the most rigorous programs among the specialty fields is not spelled out. Although he ad-

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mits that psychoanalysis is "a cohesive professional discipline, an influential social movement, and a powerful ideology" he then sets up and criticizes a "contemporary psychotherapeutic monster – institutionalized, medicalized psychoanalysis. . . . It is neither bona fide medical therapy, organic-directive psychiatry, nor Freudian psychoanalysis; it is an unpredictable mixture of all these elements." He remarks that he has "serious reservations about the value of coerced 'training analysis' practiced in conformity with the requirements of the various psychoanalytic organizations. . . ." He goes on "In other words, I do not consider a personal analysis indispensable for competence in analysis."

In the book he discusses what he calls autonomous psychotherapy in terms of its scientific background, and in a second and third section the theory and method as he sees it in his practice. An "Epilogue: Advice to Therapists" states that the beginning therapist may profit from supervision if the relationship with the therapist is also antonomous, "that is, if the supervisor is the therapist's agent." For the physician he advises not letting medical training get in the way. For the non-physician, "do not secretly aspire to be a doctor."

A few more suggestions deal with emergencies, the frequency of interviews and the like. He admonishes the therapist "Do not Misconstrue the Patient's Feelings and Ideas about You." However, he does not suggest how the therapist can learn to recognize his own unconscious and counter-transference without his personal analysis and his very carefully supervised "control cases" over a period of at least five years, in practically all training centers for the psychiatrist-physician. The omniscience and omnipotence expected of the therapist by Szasz would not even be met by Freud himself, who never forgot he was a physician and had had extensive training and experience in neurology and in the psychiatry of his time. Unlike Szasz too, Freud rarely underestimated the power of the unconscious resistances toward analysis not only on the part of his patients, but also within himself and other analysts and within the professional and general public as well.

Live Blossoms in Dead Soil

Plays in Repertory
The Berliner Ensemble

To get there, you can either take the S-Bahn to Friedrichstrasse station and endure bureaucratic torments at the other end, or you can enter through Checkpoint Charlie and submit yourself and your car to an exhausting search for smuggled contraband. Neither way is pleasant, but the latter is recommended because it gives you an invaluable opportunity to drive through East Berlin. This is certainly an eerie experience, rather like motoring under water. In West Berlin, where automobiles crowd the avenues, you have to use the aggressive ingenuity of a New York cabby to navigate among them, but in the East, you ride through completely deserted streets, past darkened traffic lights, feeling like Orpheus in the underworld.

Much of this territory, and especially the section adjacent to the Wall, is now less a living area than a punishment area. The Soviets, who are great memorializers, originally elected to preserve this part of their zone as an artifact of World War II, keeping the rubble intact, and topping the ruins with gigantic signs underlining the consequences of *Fascismus und Militarismus* – subtleties which are lost on the natives because nobody is around to read them. If you follow the *Unter den Linden* further East, you eventually leave the bombed-out areas and come upon some new architecture of a depressing kind (all new German architecture, East *and* West, is depressing). This includes a Museum of German History which devotes whole floors to replicas of Nazi atrocities – but like the streets, the museum is empty of civilians. Only armed patrols walk with confidence in this area. If the East Berliners are suffering remorse of conscience, they are doing so behind closed doors.

There flourishes in this city of the dead, however, a theatre of extraordinary vitality, situated in a square recently named after the theatrical genius who formed it – the Berliner Ensemble in Bertolt-Brecht-Platz. The company has occupied its present headquarters since 1954, performing in a building which seems almost as incompatible with the theatre's nature as the forbidding environment which surrounds it. The façade is curiously drab and characterless while the interior walls and ceilings have been adorned with extravagant curlicues and baroque cupidons. The stage events, on the other hand, are innocent either of greyness or of embellishment: Simplicity is the watchword, a simplicity compounded of joy, vigor and strength. These qualities are costly and have obviously been paid for generously. As a showpiece of the regime, the Ensemble has been endowed with an apparently bottomless subsidy. The costumes, for example, are without ornamentation, but they are made of genuine leather and wool, and the company is not only very large in itself, but is supported by enough stagehands to people a banana republic (I saw this army in ac-

Critique for Social Change

DEMOCRACY and NONVIOLENCE

by Ralph T. Templin

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tion while seated in a high perch at one of the shows, and I can testify that it is both huge and extremely well trained).

What accounts for the vital spark of the Berliner Ensemble, however, is not money but rather an uncompromising visionary dedication: The company certainly deserves its growing reputation as the most accomplished theatre group in Europe. Where it surpasses the established theatres of England and France is in its powerful identity, an identity formed out of association with the plays and techniques of Brecht. This association has also accounted for a certain narrowness of range in the repertory which is made up primarily of Brecht's plays and secondarily of plays with a political bias; but if the Berliner Ensemble does not have an eclectic program, it certainly displays enough versatility in its theatrical techniques. Of the three productions I saw on my visit there – *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui, The Threepenny Opera,* and Brecht's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* – all shared a certain unity of inspiration but each also enjoyed its own special tone and attack. For the company actors have been trained not only to change character in their various roles, but also to change style in a manner that makes them virtually unrecognizable from play to play. This proteanism suggests that however limiting the *Verfremdungseffekt* may seem in theory, in actual practice it is the source of great variety.

The best way to describe the genius of the Berliner Ensemble is to describe some of its productions, and there is no more satisfying production to begin with than the famous *Arturo Ui.* Brecht's black comedy of gangsterism, ward politics, and monopoly capital in Chicago still seems to me feeble as an allegorical explanation for the rise of Nazism, but the company uses the text as a springboard for a spectacular and irresistible theatricality. Something of its approach was suggested in the Broadway production of the play a few years back, for Tony Richardson lifted many of his ideas from the Ensemble version, directed by Manfred Wekwerth and Peter Palitsch. But like the National Theatre's recent *Mother Courage,* the New York *Arturo Ui* merely demonstrated the pitfalls of pirated productions where original outlines are borrowed without the original inspiration. What the Ensemble actors possess abundantly – and what English and American theatre artists signally lack – is a capacity for histrionic exaggeration verging on madness. There is a galvanic fury in these actors, a kind of demonic rage restrained by form, that seems partially native to the German character, and partially derived from American silent films.

The acting techniques of American silents are imaginatively employed in *Arturo Ui;* instead of building character, in the tradition of Stanislavsky, the German actors create distinctive comic masks, in the tradition of Chaplin, Buster Keaton, and Groucho Marx. The emphasis, in short, is less of psychological penetration than on gesture, mime, costume, and makeup, and while a sense of reality may occasionally intrude upon the events, it is always subordinate to an effect of extravagant distortion. The Ensemble *Arturo Ui* is played like an animated cartoon, punctuated by jazz, machine guns, and real blood. Arturo and his lieutenants are made up with green grease-paint masks which highlight their lips and eyes while the hoodlums wear enormous holsters on their hips and huge fedoras on their heads. Wolf Kaiser plays Giri (Goering) looking like a corrupt Alan Hale, his features fixed in a circus-clown leer; Gunter Naumann as Roma (Roehm) has a great bloody scar across his cheek and nose, and before each murder, whistles the opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth; and Hilmar Thate as Givola (Goebbels) carries himself with the awkwardness of a crippled marionette, hanging limply over a balcony, his wrists dangling, for the rendering of a song.

The best realization of this grotesque technique is to be seen in Ekkehard Schall's *Arturo Ui.* Schall, surely one of the most accomplished actors in Europe, is a small muscular man with the arrogant stalk of Jimmy Cagney and the capacity to shape his body into whatever form he pleases. As Arturo (Hitler), he manages to slough thirty pounds off his actual weight merely by pulling in his pelvis, hunching his shoulders, and thrusting his hands inside his seedy raincoat. When he first appears in the opening scenes – his red moustache thrust forward like a toothbrush, his hat in his hand, bowed with false humility before the door of the Stock Exchange – he communicates grimness, penury, unctuousness, melancholy, violence and menace all at once; and thus having established all the values of his role in a trice, he proceeds to put the rest of his scenes at the service of pure comic virtuosity. Schall's manipulation of his voice is remarkable – he can shift without warning from wheedling whispers to screaming rages; but his use of his body is exceptional. He is dynamic even when slumped in a chair or prostrate over a pinball machine, but in movement, he is audacious in the extreme. At the Mammoth Hotel (a scene created entirely out of a few props – carpet, plant and men reading in plush chairs), he arbitrates a quarrel between Givola and Roma. Roma pulls a gun and Schall develops the shakes, shoving both hands entirely inside his mouth. Recovering his courage, he leaps onto a chair, topples over the back of it, lands on his feet, gives the Hitler salute, and looks back angrily at the chair – all without a pause in his speech. Later in the scene, when he is asked to betray Roma, he throws a fit of hysterics, lying down on the floor and eating the carpet, then somersaults to his feet, breaks an umbrella over his knee, and collapses into agreement. Athleticism and artistry perfectly conjoined.

The limitation of Schall's performance is the limitation of Brecht's character – Hitler emerges as less a psychopathic monster than a fascinating clown with considerable charm and appeal. Chaplin had a similar difficulty with a comic Hitler, suggest-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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ing that while ridicule may be sufficient to deflate the pomposity of Nazism, it is not sufficient to measure its evil. Still, if the play is unsuccessful as a political diagnosis, it is effective enough as a political cartoon, and it gives the company the chance to display the full range of its comic powers.

The Threepenny Opera is a more conventional production of a better work. Directed by Brecht's old friend and associate, Erich Engel, this version lacks pace, integration, or coherence, and proves distinctly disappointing after the brilliance of *Arturo Ui*; but it is interesting to see the company performing in a totally different style. The style is relatively realistic, modified by vestigial alienation techniques (the orchestra, for example, is placed on an upstage platform behind a curtain which parts at the beginning of each song. Wolf Kaiser plays Mackie Messer, quite properly, as a suave, thickening, middle-aged Lothario – brutish and dapper, with the heavy grace of an aging dancer and the sad lethargy of a basset hound. Like all the Ensemble actors, he labors to suppress his charm, but the charm is there nevertheless, concealed like the sword in his walking stick. The performance itself is in a rather low key, occasionally tuned up by imaginative business. At Mackie's wedding to Polly, for example, he kicks his henchman in the behind at the same moment a champagne cork pops; implored by Polly to stay and make love to her, he curtly refuses – but stops for one searching look at her legs; when he sits down to his account books, he puts on the rimless glasses of a serious businessman. Engel's production is often inventive – especially arresting is a march across the stage of horribly deformed beggars – but too much of the invention is there for the sake of spectacle; the company acting is surprisingly weak (Peter Kalisch's Peachum is a grave bit of miscasting); and the singers often seem to be rushing the orchestra. To this company, *The Threepeny Opera* may be something of a chestnut by now for it is acted out of the same listless sense of duty that certain Shakespeare companies perform *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice*.

With *Coriolan*, however, the company recovers its enthusiasm and its inspiration: The production shows that tragedies are performed as magnificently as comedies at the Berliner Ensemble. Brecht's interest in this play was probably stimulated by its political-economic aspects: It features a conflict between the patrician and plebeian classes which is partly motivated by the high price of corn (Brecht wanted food and money to replace love and power as the central motifs of the drama, and, in *Coriolanus*, he must have felt Shakespeare to be moving in the same direction). The class war and its economic motives have not been particularly underscored by the Ensemble, however, possibly because Brecht died before finishing the adaptation. In its present form, completed and rearranged by other hands, the text seems like a fairly straightforward translation of the original play, and what is most striking about the evening is not so much its political as its theatrical values.

For the Berliner Ensemble performs the play in a highly ritualized modern style, somewhat similar to the style with which Peter Brook approached *King Lear* (though less arbitrary and more relevant). After a white muslin drop unravels to tell the story of Coriolanus, we find ourselves in a grim barbarian city, more savage than civilized, less Roman than primitive German. The citizens are costumed in concentration camp greys, and even the garments of the patricians look stained and worn. Gustav Hoffman's setting consists of a single white arch which later revolves to become a wooden stockade for the battle scenes before the Volscian camp. But the stage is essentially bare, dressed only with occasional benches and props. One of the more remarkable things about this production is its spatial design. Instead of directing the action from one side of the stage to the other, as in conventional productions, Manfred Wekwerth and Joachim Tenschert have given it a circular movement, locating much of the action in the deep upstage area, and bringing it forward by means of a revolving track.

The revolving stage, in fact, is used here as a crucial theatrical device, functioning not only to change the scenery but to illustrate the values of a scene. When Coriolanus appears before the citizens to ask their voice for his consulship, wearing a red toga over his gown of humility, the stage brings him from plebe to plebe, as if he disdained to make the conciliatory gestures himself. And in the magnificent battle scenes, the moving stage helps to play on your nerves and emotions. When the armies of Coriolanus and Tullus Aufidius, the Volscian general, prepare to engage in battle, three sets of twin loudspeakers, arranged dimensionally towards the back of the stage, begin to sound with battle chants, consisting of the contrapuntal repetition of each leader's name: *Tí-tús Már-cius – Aú-fidi-ús*. When Coriolanus and Aufidius engage in battle, they first stalk each other like two vizored soldiers from ancient statuary (both actors are of exactly the same height); and as the stage revolves, their combat becomes a ritualized dance, performed to the sound of castanets. Helmets, armor, and swords fall from each warrior in turn; hand to hand combat follows: Aufidius' eye and nose are horribly bloodied; Coriolanus conquers and is borne aloft by his troops, down rows of dead soldiers and mangled helmets on pikes, his hands raised casually to acknowledge the general cries.

Makeup is used in the same imaginative way, as a symbolic aid to the action. After Coriolanus is banished from Rome, his golden hair turns darker and his face grows drawn; and after Menenius fails in his attempt to win Coriolanus back, he appears in the next scene, totally white. Aufidius,

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similarly, grows into a grey and tortured little man, who seems to be eaten away with envy of Coriolanus as by an acid. At the end, when he hurls his sarcastic insult – *Mutterkind!* – he speaks it as if it were a chewy savory. Coriolanus literally dies laughing as the entire Volscian army stomps on his body, and after Aufidius is carried over him in triumph, he is left alone on stage, his corpse composed in a hideous and grotesque death.

As for the acting, it is just as brilliant as the direction. Ekkehard Schall's golden Coriolanus is biting, contemptuous, and unsexed (he embraces his wife with his hands hanging by his side); Hilmar Thate's Aufidius is a seething cauldron of suppressed rage; and Helene Weigel's Volumnia is a fierce tyranny of mother love. Frau Weigel's performance was still unfinished when I saw it – she had just replaced another actress in preparation for the London tour of the Ensemble – but she was already doing some startling things. When she pleads with her son, for example, to return to Rome, she bows down before him and knocks her head against the ground – three times – with a sickening thud. But her performance seemed to me too isolated from the general proceedings – a fine bit of virtuoso acting which was nevertheless alien to the unity of the production.

And it is this collective strength that finally emerges as the most impressive quality of the Berliner Ensemble: The company constitutes a perfect artistic community within which each element functions with gaiety and dedication. It is the political version of this community that the Ensemble propagandizes for in its program notes and in some of its plays, but to judge by the leaden despondency of its surroundings in East Berlin, it will be a long time before the Ensemble sees in society what it has achieved in art. One wonders what underground springs account for the freshness and vitality of this group when the soil around it is so dry and full of clay. Still, art has blossomed in the most outlandish places and under the most oppressive regimes; it has flowered when the air around it was choked with vapors; it has flourished when the climate seemed inhospitable in the extreme. Whatever its political feelings, the Berliner Ensemble has found its nourishment within itself, and it is by feeding on such fertile artistic sources that it has continued to thrive.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

FILMS

Refitting the Ship

Ship of Fools (Columbia)
Casanova '70 (Embassy)

We all know from Philosophy 1 that we cannot step twice into the same river. Similarly, we cannot read the same book twice. This truth is especially marked when we look again at an inferior book by a previously good writer. When I first read Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*, it was with an expectation created by her previous books, and I was disappointed. When I looked at it again recently, it seemed even less good because I read it without that expectation. And now, in an odd way, the film makes the novel seem still worse.

The script is by Abby Mann, who wrote *Judgment at Nuremberg* and adapted *The Condemned of Altona* and who is still chewing up tough problems for us like an Eskimo mother softening reindeer meat for her children. When I read a few years ago that Stanley Kramer had bought the film rights of the Porter book and that Mann was to write the screenplay, I felt a dreadful sense of aptness. Raveling it out to its source, I realized that this sense grew from a conviction about the novel. The patness of its construction, the tagged symbolism of the characters, the mechanical charade of their actions were not – as one might once have thought – the choices of a fine writer who dared to be simple. The residual effect of the book, its thin resonances, denied that. The book's simplicities were only simplifications: by a talent that had lost much of its essential energy and an insistence on its own truths, that had fallen back on stock percepts and on size. The complexities of the book were superficial – in its bulk and its slow, mosaic method, not in penetration. For its film transformation it needed not a new Pudovkin, not an American Renoir, but exactly what it got. In an uncomfortably accurate sense, it had been written for Kramer and Mann. Their further simplifications, their rearrangements, are the intrinsic dynamics of the book carried to its Hollywood manifestation.

I hasten to note that the film is not without merits, to be discussed. But the script simply extends the book's shortcomings by attempting to correct them in television-serious style. The book's orchestral deficiencies – the lack of steady dramatic development in its many strands, the total blackness of all the Germans, the whining cringe of the one Jew – these have all been tempered: not to give added verity and comprehensiveness, only to insure audience acceptance. The captain, who was anti-American, is now a bland nonentity. The ship's doctor has been made a tristful European soul. Lowenthal, the Jewish merchant, is full of rich chicken-soup cheeriness and wisdom. Similar changes: Denny, the Texas engineer, has been made an ex-ball-player so as to be a more obvious target for satire. Glocken, the hunchback, is now a commentator who addresses us at the beginning and end so that we get the point-of-it-all. The deported workers in the hold are shown to have Souls. The year is changed from 1931 to 1933 so that any suspicion of subtlety can be erased; and each of the major characters, has at least one foolish action or belief pounded, stamped on, and hammered home so that there can be no question about the meaning of the title. In sum, a novel that failed in an attempt at large allegory has been stripped to its bones, and those bones have been carefully fractured, shortened, and reset.

But within the new framework, there are some very good performances and some effective scenes. The Jew, though he now verges on secular sainthood, is

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nevertheless made pleasant, amusing, wry by Heinz Ruehmann, the German actor who has been seen here in the leading roles of *The Captain from Koepenick* and *Schweik*. At any given moment the body of European actors always contains some deft rueful-comic actors, who are usually small in stature and who, when they have restraint, are endearing. José Isbert of the recent Spanish *Not On Your Life!* is one example, Ruehmann is another. Such actors are often even better for us in English than in their own languages because an accent adds wistfulness. Ruehmann knows his job; he moves and speaks with precision informed with feeling. He delights.

An even greater effect (because it also has sex appeal) is created by Oskar Werner, the ship's doctor, who is best known here as Jules in *Jules and Jim*. I recently saw the Truffaut film again and am convinced that a large part of the qualities usually attributed to other elements in that film are accountable to the personalities and performances of Werner and Jeanne Moreau. Here Werner works his tousled charm again, particularly in the scenes with La Condesa (Simone Signoret). They have several long scenes in her cabin; and although these are in the pattern of encounters between two world-weary souls who give each other a little cheer as they pass on their lonely journeys, still they are well and movingly done. Werner has not been on the screen twenty seconds before he wins us with a combination of vestigial boyish sweetness and very quiet manly strength under resignation. Miss Signoret, in spite of the fact that she has allowed herself to get heavy and almost round-shouldered, gives her best performance since *Room at the Top*.

As the Southern divorcée, Vivien Leigh makes a useful casserole of leftover accent from *Gone With the Wind* warmed up with bits of *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*. Lee Marvin is wasted in the unresolved part of the ball-player. (Why is *he* going to Germany?) José Greco is malevolently fine as the leader of the Spanish dance troupe, a steel serpent, lithe, unbreakable, unconcernedly evil. George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley are probably good as the young lovers, but their scenes are terribly tedious. There are two egregiously bad performances. The first is by Alf Kjellin as the German with the Jewish wife; his one outburst is pure embarrassment. The second is by José Ferrer, as the businessman Nazi – so heavy-handed, mechanically obvious, and clearly self-satisfying a performance that he is like the star of the small-town Little Theatre, by profession a martinet of English in the local high school, who goes to New York every year to see the plays and knows just how this acting-business should be done. Ferrer has never been an attractive or even credible actor; he is now confirmed in his bad practices by success – or, at least, by continual employment.

This is Stanley Kramer's best piece of direction since *The Defiant Ones*. That, I emphasize, is a relative statement. He still believes in the zoom lens for dramatic emphasis (as when Miss Leigh beats up Marvin); he has no sense of pace – almost all scenes are played at the same slow tempo. But sometimes that pace is effective, as in the Werner-Signoret scenes; also, he weaves continuity with his camera as he moves around the ship, and he composes some scenes with a good eye.

For the viewer who can forget any standard that Miss Porter's name might still suggest, who can accept the film as slick entertainment floating on the surface of the deeps it pretends to plumb, it is generally agreeable, mostly because of its several good actors. Miss Porer's unsuccessful attempt at a new *Paradise Lost* has been reduced to a shipboard *Grand Hotel*, with the dwarf replacing the scar-faced doctor as

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Notes on Contributors

John Wain *has recently returned to England after a lecture tour of the US.* Robert Graves' *poem is one of several that will appear in this journal before their publication in book form next season.* Joseph L. Featherstone *has just become a contributing editor of* The New Republic. Richard Kluger *is the editor of* Book Week. Zelda Teplitz, M.D., *is a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association and a member of the American Psychoanalytic Association.*

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chorus. (Remember Lewis Stone?) It is in fact more sheerly enjoyable here than it was as a novel. For *Grand Hotel*, under whatever name, is always easier to take as patent entertainment than as failed serious art.

Marcello Mastroianni is now in a long color comedy called *Casanova '70*. He is an actor incapable of a false move, even when he is not particularly interested in the proceedings. Mario Monicelli, the director, who made such outstanding films as *The Big Deal on Madonna Street* and *The Organizer*, is obviously more easily bored. The script is another comedy with one joke and variations on it: The hero cannot function in bed unless the circumstances are, in one way or another, dangerous. The film was made, presumably, at the behest of Joseph E. Levine who has imported many good Italian films. The effect is as if an American art dealer, who had made some money on paintings by Signor X, had flown over and induced X to give up that silly "inspiration" business and step up production.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The Making of the President

Sirs:

Tom Wicker, reviewing *The Making of the President, 1964* (July 10), notes that Theodore White "goes a little soft" in appraising certain individuals and situations and directs attention to White's overrating Goldwater as a thinker and moralist. His comments are sharp but I wish he'd cited additional examples of White's penchant for the melodramatic since it seems *The Making of the President 1960* and *1964* may be regarded as classics in the future.

The books are loaded with gushing portraits of individuals connected with recent campaigns. If a man has any redeeming qualities White generally places him in a favorable light. Thus he sheds tears for Paul Johnson because Johnson at one time took relatively liberal stands on certain issues. As governor, however, Johnson has taken the easy way out in Mississippi, refusing to touch the state's racial dilemma. (Even the segregationist McKeithen has done more to bring about racial harmony.) Johnson should be rapped for his indifference and for lack of courage rather than commiserated with. . . .

White is anything but indulgent, though, when he summarily dismisses Adam Clayton Powell, calling him "Harlem's leading black racist." Powell is a demogogue and has acted irresponsibly many times but he is also a gifted House committee chairman and his efforts to achieve equal opportunity for Negroes, especially early in his career, are laudable. He has contributed far more constructive action to America than Paul Johnson.

Harvey Pekar
Cleveland, Ohio

Representation in California

Sirs:

The letter of Sen. George Miller Jr. (July 5) regarding the Dirksen Amendment is notable for what it does NOT say . . . California has the most asinine example of unequal representation in the United States. Let me give you some examples of the largest (Los Angeles County) and the smallest (Alpine-Inyo-Mono Counties) senatorial districts, according to the 1960 census and the 1964 California Statistical abstract. The largest district had about 900,000 more people than Massachusetts. The smallest had fewer than Hyattsville, Md. The largest district returned more than $355.8 million to the state in sales tax revenue. The smallest district returned slightly less than $.9 million. . . . The largest district had an assessed valuation of over $13.499 billion. The smallest had an assessed valuation of $78.9 million. The largest district has 907 miles of state highway. The smallest has 780 miles. . . .

The recently concluded session of the California Legislature resounded with the pitiful bleating of Senators who were soon to be shoved off the gravy train (when they weren't away at other legislative sessions trying to scrabble up support for the Dirksen Amendment). They did find time to pass a bill which will help assuage their wounds - a nice increase in their pensions. Los Angeles County taxpayers will help pay for it.

James M. Singer
Soquel, California

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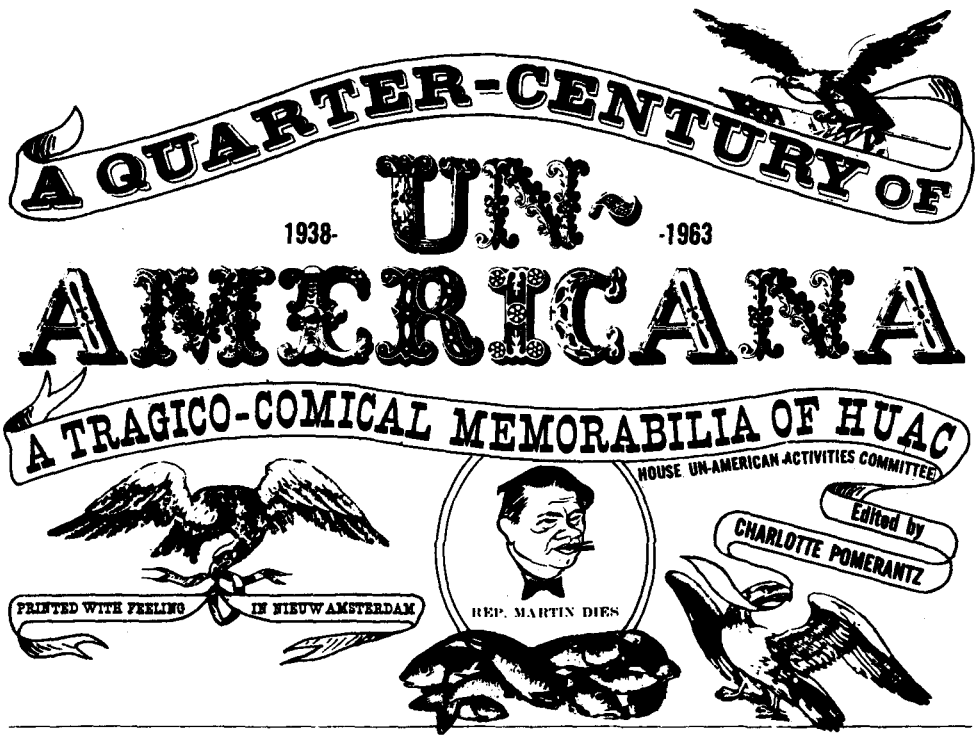

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